

MONSTERAMA

No. 2 \$3.50 (\$4.25 in Can.)

MONSTER
COMICS

**NEW!
NOW!**

AWARD-WINNING
BRAD
UNAWEAVER'S
"THE
LON
CHANEY
FACTORY"
PLUS
LUGOSI!
KARLOFF!
GOLEM!
MORE!



**RARE FANTASTIC
IMAGI-MOVIE
STILLS
GALORE!**



THE MOCK OF THE VAMPIRE

BEAUTEOUS BRINKE STEVENS, Actress risen from the ranks of Fantasy Fandom to Imagi-Movie Stardom (sought for lead in LADY DRACULA, unproduced Hammer script), faints as the Ackermonger in the valence of Bela Lugosi a la MARK OF THE VAMPIRE bends menacingly over her nubile white throat to quench his sanguinary thirst. Variant Version of Color Cover on FJA: FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND #2, now available from the Author (Forrest J Ackerman), 2495 Glendower Ave., Horrorwood, Karlofornia 90027, for \$19.50 + \$3.50 postage & handling; check or money order. #1 also available at \$4.95 + \$3.50 post. Any copy autographed or inscribed, on request. (Makeup by Paul Clemens, photo by Lisa Shobert)

MONSTERAMA

NUMBER TWO SPRING 1992

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INSIDE BACK COVER: LUGOSI LIVES ETERNAL Kept Alive by Shamie the Superb

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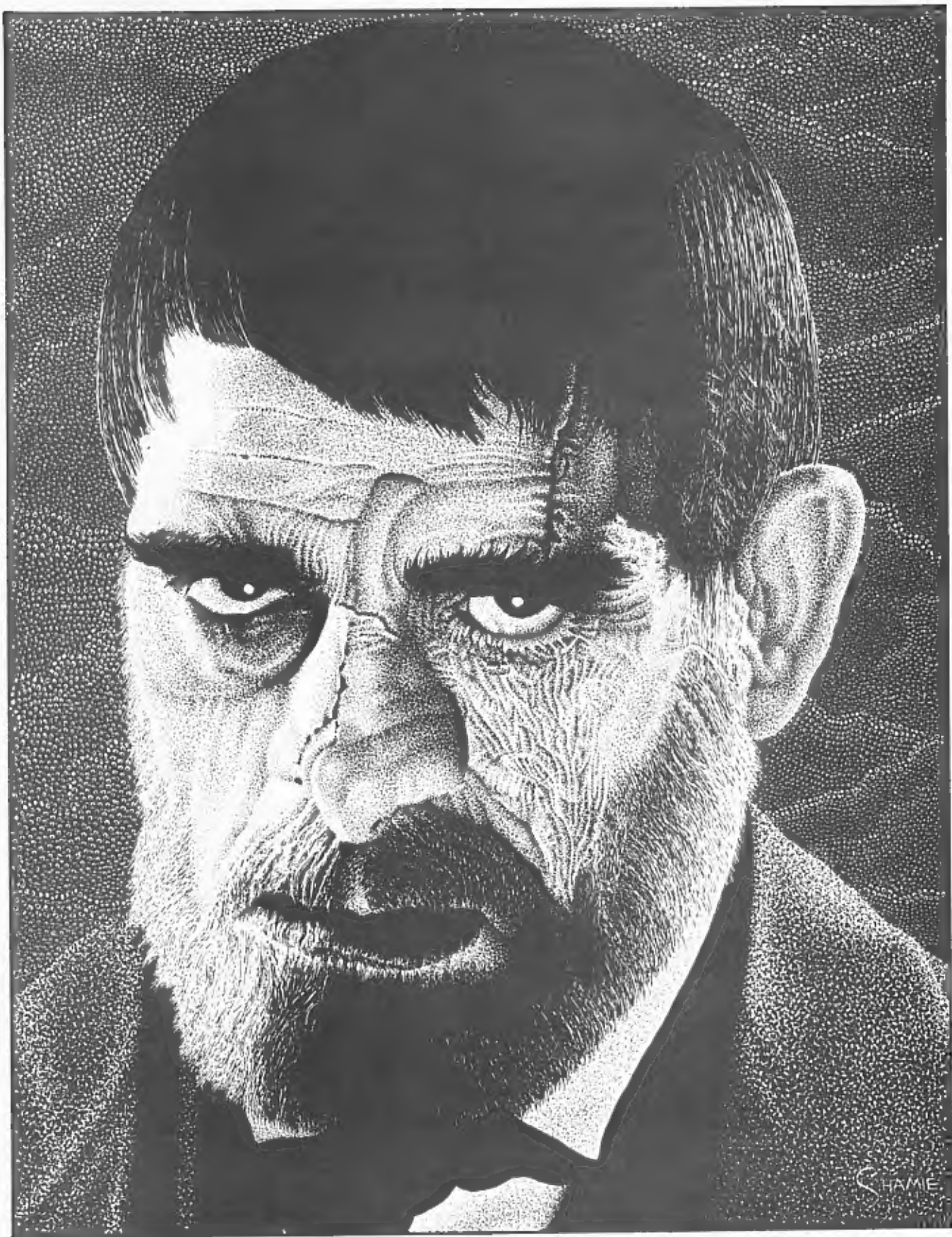
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KING BORIS THE BENIGN

As the Mute Butler of THE OLD DARK HOUSE, he made himself heard thruout the land as he menacingly lurched after the Invisible Man's girl, Gloria Stuart. Masterful Study by Al Shamie.

editorial

FILMONSTER FANOMENON

TO THE RIGHT you will see a reproduction of the first letter addressed to "Mad Donna" commenting on the premiere edition of "Rama". As you will see in the two pages dedicated to readers' reactions, it is typical of the age level of our readership.

And this disturbs me!

I'll tell you why.

It means thousands of grownups are reading and enjoying material aimed (by the original publisher's fiat/ukase/insistence) at 11-1/2-year-old boys *who wanted to laff*? But they're not kids anymore. That's fine by me, renewing childhoods, but that's only half the audience I hoped to capture.

WHERE IS THE NEW GENERATION? Where is the 11-1/2-year old boy (and girl) of the 1990s who needs to know before Jason there was Ray Harryhausen's animation marvel, JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS; before Freddy there was Fredric March as DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE; before LEVIATHAN there was THE LOST WORLD; before KILLER KLOWNS, Boris Karloff; before BATMAN there was Bela Lugosi; CHAINSAW MASSACRES, there were the Chaney's; —before *gorror* there was horror without blood-&-guts, eyeballs in hi-balls, terror without entrails, fear without fear of throwing up.

I'm sure there are boys & girls of an impressionable age who can be educated to the "good stuff" if Acksposed to it and encouraged to get high on fantasticclassics instead of nicotine, alcohol & dope. Thus this appeal to each adult reader: buy one extra copy and make a present of it to some young nephew or cousin or kid on the block (with their parents' permission). This may sound suspiciously self-serving, like a publishers' ploy to double sales, but I swear to you by Jack Pierce's makeup box that this is entirely my own idea and for the reason given.

FORRY Acksposed

MICHAEL MALLORY

7125 Ewing Street, Los Angeles, California 90039 • (213) 662-8228

April 17, 1991

Forrest J Ackerman
2495 Glendower Avenue
Hollywood, CA 90027

Dear Forry:

Prior to today it had been some twenty-three years since I was twelve years old.

What happened today was I decided to spend my lunch hour hiking down to a nearby comics store, where I saw the very last copy on the shelf of the very first issue of *Forrest J Ackerman's MONSTERAMA*. Somehow, I managed to get back to my workplace, covering the entire mile or so with my face buried in the pages, oblivious to the oncoming traffic that snared me by inches. A dangerous way to travel, perhaps, but it was exactly the thing a certain twelve-year-old I once knew used to do.

I had read the entire magazine by the time I got back the office and was greeted by a co-worker, who said: "What have you done to yourself that's different; you look just like a little boy today."

I ask you -- where else can one regain his childhood for a measly \$3.50?

Pangs for the memories! Looking forward to more.

Best -

Mike Mallory

Michael Mallory

gummy
Microfilm for with you



Uncle Forry, "London After Midnight" Lon Chaney, and sculptor Paul Clemens.

NEXT ISSUE *don't miss*
STEPHEN KING'S *FIRST STORY!*

DEAR RAMA

FROM BLIZZARD TO "WIZARD!"

The first issue of **FM** went on sale during a New York blizzard—so the legend goes. No one was going out to buy *Playboy* or *Look*, let alone a magazine full of messed-up faces. Well, it was a darn-site warmer when I picked up the first issue of **MONSTERAMA** early in May but it would have been worth braving the worst elements to obtain it. It's been a long time since I felt I got my money's worth after plunking down \$3.50 for a magazine but that first issue sure left me full and satisfied. I enjoyed seeing some of those early **FM** articles again, especially with Forry's "revisionist" comments.

Would I like to see subsequent issues address current horror/sf films—no! Your claim to fame should be in mining the past, making full use of that treasure trove of stills and information from Forry's amazing files.

I've a serious quarrel about the quarterly schedule. This simply will not do. You've got to go at least 8-10 times a year to make me happy.

SAMUEL JAMES MARONIE
Brentwood MO

A JARRING NOTE FROM A JELLY YOUNG GIRL

This is the resurrection that I've been waiting for. It's been years... frightfully long years. My excitement was such that I could hardly contain myself: the evidence is displayed in a jelly jar on my shelf.

LINDA HARRISON
Tacoma WA

IS GINCHY NEARLY AS GOOD AS GNARLY?

MONSTERAMA is the ginchiest! At last a Monster

Magazine that LOOKS like a Monster magazine. Painted covers would be great.

SCOTT HALPER
TV's "Around the Mind Bend"
Los Angeles CA

Caught with our paints down! More, er, panting in future.



JIM MORROW: "You made my childhood"

A BITTER BRITTER

I am disappointed in your latest effort. Reprint material! Echoes of the worst days of **FM**. Have a care for your long-time fans, the many of us who have lovingly kept all our wondrous days of my youth and for that I shall always be grateful. Al Shamie's characterization of Lon Chaney should have been the issue's cover.

GERRY LANGLEY
96 Gainsborough Rd
Hayes/Middlesex UB4 8PT
ENGLAND

The problem with your request for a non-reprint magazine based on the fact that you have the issues from which the reprints are drawn, is that you are very much of an envied minority. The majority of our readers are not so lucky as you to have the collector's

copies from close to 35 years ago. To most, everything is new, and even if they've read it before, there are many different stills they didn't see originally. The other problem is, I am so busy meeting fans all over the place face to face—from Everywhere USA to England, Holland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, New Zealand and Taiwan—and I am involved in so many activities—TV spots, movie cameos, radio interviews, calendars, lobbycard cards, videocassettes, etc.—that I couldn't possibly find the time to edit an all new material periodical.

HARRIS-MENT

Of all the monster magazines I've seen in my life, I have one thing to say about **MONSTERAMA**: it's the most recent.

LEE HARRIS
HORRORWOOD

Of all the Acksistants I've had in my life, I have one thing to say about this one: he is in the most danger of losing his life. (He has obviously already lost his mind.)

ROGER!

Love your editorial. The issue was a real nostalgic kicker! Most of my life, at least since the age of 13, you have been the biggest influence for me. Due to **FM** and **Space-men**, and you at the helm in editing, I have the deepest respect and appreciation for the world of fantasy and science fiction.

ROGER HILL
Wichita KS

Thanks, Roger; I'm gratified.

INSIGHTFUL

Tomb it may concern—

"Rama" is sensational with FJA's unique insight into filmmonsterdom. Forry's punny, masterful prose serves as an excellent education for today's kids and a delightfully informative and nostalgic refresher course to us veterans. Al Shamie's two drawings: beautiful! Dedication Wendyne, very touching.



JEFF THOMPSON, M.A.
Nashville TN

PERRY SINCERELY

I must be psychic. Mere weeks ago I thought what a great idea it would be to have **FM** reprints—and suddenly here comes **MONSTERAMA**!

PERRY ARMSTRONG
Flat 11 Block B
Windeyer Court
Watson ACT
Australia 2602

COME BACK, ACK

I started with you in 1958 and am delighted with your comeback. Keep the fun coming.

DAVID R. CAMPBELL
Rensselaer NY

TILL 2001... AND BEYOND

Seeing the great photos in

MONSTERAMA brought back memories of those early days when the only exposure I had to names like Chaney, Lugosi and Karloff were in the pages of **FM**. Perhaps Rama will help the younger folks realize that there is far more in the world of horror than Freddy and Jason.

HARRIS LENTZ III
Bartlett TN

"FEAREST UNCLE FORRY"

As I crawled around that monster cave of life (comic store) I stood in fear fright! "Could it be—my uncle was BACK?! I gave myself the Helmig maneuver (the spider I was chewing got stuck in my gills). Picking up my eyeballs from the floor I reached for—it was true! Our uncle was back! From where no man has gone before. Let's show the world real monsters of filmland!

RAY CEBALLOS

THE TINGLER

I am extremely happy that you're trying to bring back those glorious little boy's tingles again—even though I am rapidly approaching 40. (Ah, to be a mere lad of 40 again instead of a 75-year-old uncle with a carbuncle and one foot in the groove.) But, despite my nostalgic joy, I gotta tell you...in its present form I don't believe **M.** can make it. In short—it can't last. Vintage stories are only OK if rewritten for both the old and a new audience. I am just afraid when the newness and the nostalgia wear off your mag may slowly sink into the sunset. But—who knows? Maybe this is another "Forry's Folly" that will last for decades! (If I haven't decayed in the meantime.)

TOM DETOW

FJA: MARRIAGE MAKER

With so many horror & sci-fi classics popping up on AMC, TNT & video your timing couldn't be better. Your pioneering mag helped convince me it was OK to stay up 'til all

hours watching Metaluna Mutants, Giant Claws and Monstrous Apes. I'm now a film/video critic for the local News.

When I first met my wife at a friend's party soon after visiting the Ackermansion in January of '88, I mentioned I had been to your wonderful place. Her response: "You met Forrest J Ackerman?!!" Needless to say, we hit it off at once and fell in love almost instantly.

STUART GALBRAITH IV
Ann Arbor MI

Be sure to raise Stuart V right: I'll be expecting a tie on Uncle's Day. (Come to think of it I don't wear ties: I left all my ties behind for the 3 yrs 4 mos 29 days I was in the Army during WW2.)

WHAT KIND OF GENT IS A CONGENT? A CLONE?

The appeal of **MONSTERAMA** goes well beyond mere nostalgia. Of particular interest to me was your cogent (that word!) and thoughtful recap of the Frankenstein saga; the stillustrations were truly outstanding, especially those rare shots of the monster from "The Department Store" and "Third Dimensional Murder". Where did you find them? (In a Partment Store with parts form the graves, the gallows—anywhere.)

JOHN SKILLIN
Upper Montclair NJ



NADINE BAILEY: "You're a wonderful person" (Shows what a poor judge of human nature she is)



"THE THING" by **MICHAEL MODJESKI**

"FORRY ANTICS"

Thru the years I have always looked forward to "Forry Antics". What a surprise to find **MONSTERAMA**. I immediately subscribed. At 74 (75 Nov 24) you're far from old and I hope to see your name in print for many more years.

CHARLE B. YOUNG JR.
Southampton PA

A CLAW-WRITTEN LETTER

Just a few paws-itive comments and criticism. I loved getting a chance to see articles from past issues of **FM** but I'm hoping there will be new material to ooh and aah at. (Chaney story fill the bill?) If I ask very nicely would you please print my letter?

RICHARD A. SCOTT
Salem OR

I dunno, ask me and see.

THE AMAZING ELECTRIC FAN

I cannot describe the jolt of electricity that went thru me when I saw **FJA'S MONSTERAMA #1**.

GREG CHAPPELL
Foley AL

THE THING FROM MODJESKI'S PEN (IT WAS PENNED UP!)

I'm elated! What a marvelous comeback. I am a 36-year-old "kid at heart" and in mind. I now teach at a local high

school and hope to publish a portfolio of some of my recent works and I owe it all to your terrific magazines! Your work throughout the years really was not... "in vein". My wife is not a great monster lover but I can assure you my son will be.

MICHAEL MODJESKI
Hammond IN

A BLURB FROM ERB

I'm so glad to hear that you liked the looks of the first issue. Your very monstrous work has been an inspiration to me for years and to have the chance to work with you is indeed a thrill.

DOUG ERB
Hollywood

Doug is the young man responsible for the superb art direction.

RAMA FANS

UNCLE FORRY personally reads every letter sent to him. Don't worry about drowning him in a mailstrom. (A pretty Poe pun. Ah, how far the descent in search of a decent groan.) Fotos always welcome and please indicate if you would like your address included so other fans could possibly contact you.

Address **RAMA**
2495 Glendower Ave
Hollywood CA
90027-1110

THE MARK OF ZERO Life Thief



One for the money, 2 for the show, 3 to make ready and 4 to—grow old! This show is about a deadly 4-Dimensional man. In addition to the usual measurement of width, breadth & height he has—*death!* Touch him and see the Other World! His lips hold the kiss of death!

Tony Harris, age 13, credited with helping his Pop, Jack (The Blob) Harris, dream up this nightmare man who can walk thru walls but, like a thirsty vampire, needs the life of others to keep himself from becoming a modern Mummy.

The producer of this hair-raiser let a local reporter behind the scenes at the Pennsylvania picture-making studio to bring to FMOF readers this advance foto (in 1958) of Robert (Empire of the Ants) Lansing as the 4-D MAN who discovers that, by regulating the electrical impulses of his brain, he can pass thru solid matter—but at the cost of instant aging for friend & foe alike if he so much as brushes against them.

Known in England as **THE EVIL FORCE**, re-released in America in 1965 as **MASTER OF TERROR**.

(Readers of Issue #3 were invited to watch for this corpse-maker but not to get too close if they valued their life.)

THE SHOCK OF THINGS TO COME

confidential notes

from the pages of dr. acula's private diary reveal
screamsville's secret plan for spinetingling pix



Klaus Kinski as the reincarnation of Max Schreck was far in the future when this foto of him as NOSFERATU was taken. It replaces a lesser shot in the original FMOF #4.



This 1961 film had more titles than you could shake a stake at. LYCANTHROPUS in its country of origin, Italy. WEREWOLF IN A GIRLS' DORMITORY, USA. England: I MARRIED A WEREWOLF, DEATH IN THE FULL MOON. France: MONSTER AMONG THE GIRLS.

TURN BACK THE CLOCK about a quarter century and "feast your eyes, glut your soul" (as the Phant-Lon of the Opera said) on 94 imagi-movies announced for production 'way back then. How many actually got produced? About 34!

—Today, with my evil eye, I pierced my Crystal with a penetrating stare. In fact, so deep did my eye stab that it almost cracked the glass, and, I withdrew it just in time. Have you ever heard a Crystal bawl?

But just before I fished my eyeball out of the crystal bowl, here are some of the shocking revelations I saw:

monsters sick?

Is the cycle of monsters pix waning? I'm alarmed. Why, I could foresee only *ten* new films with Monster in the title, and one retitled revival. Of course there are plenty of new movies planned with Brain, Beast, Blood, etc., in the title—but only *ten* with Monster? It's murder!

Write to your *Kongressman* today and demand more Monster movies. Warn him the following won't last you very long, and if you don't get more! *more!! MORE!!!* you're liable to turn into a MONSTER yourself!

(Or has it already happened)

Anyway, here is *FAMOUS MONSTERS'* genuine list of Mar-quee Monsters. Under no circumstances disclose this list to anyone other than a bonafide member of the Famous Monsters Club. Memorize this list, and then burn your brain.

Dr. Acula

eenie, meanie, minie, monsters

MONSTER ASSASSIN! That's the first production scheduled from the new Kirkham-Reed International Corpse—oops—Corp. Willard Kirkham, the producer, has been interested in science fiction for some time, and plans other weird science pictures.



The Late Rondo Hatton (died 1946) in the role he played in *JUNGLE CAPTIVE*, Universal 1944. His face (recreated by Rick Baker) was reprised as a character in *THE ROCKETEER*



Head Man in this Laboratory is Nostradamus, no less! He was the amazing Medieval prophet but there doesn't seem to be much profit in losing one's head as he has done in **THE MAN WITHOUT A BODY**. Michael Golden was the disembodied head in this British 1957 film with George (The Skull) Coulouris.

MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS—This is one of the masterpieces of Jack Kevan, creator of the Mole Men, the Monster on the Campus, This Island Earth Mutant and numerous others (for article on Jack see "Monsters of Tomorrow" in FM #3).

MONSTER FROM MARS—this Wyatt Ordung's 3D picture, **ROBOT MONSTER**, being re-released under this new title in 2D.

THE KIVA MONSTER—a horror based on Hopi Indian legends.

MOON MONSTER—is something sinister lurking on the Dark Side of our earth's own satellite?

BROTHER MONSTER—a perhaps next-to-final title for Martin Varno's technicolorful screenplay which he calls "10 times better than my first, **NIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST**."

THE MONSTER—the just plain monster from 1899 discovered by Lou "I Bury the Living" Garfinkle.

THE LITTLE MONSTER—That Swift's original idea, and an idea plot in which to introduce his own son, "The Boy Who Became A Monster" (see foto feature in FM #3).

THE 2 HEADED MONSTER—like the Mules say, "Two heads are better than none."

THE INVISIBLE MONSTER—see our "Dear Monster" dept. for info on how YOU may win and read the entire script of this story in advance of its production.

And last, but far from least, the amazing beast **The Metamorph** created by Stuart J. Byrne for—**MONSTER IN MY BLOOD!**

beastly, eh wot?

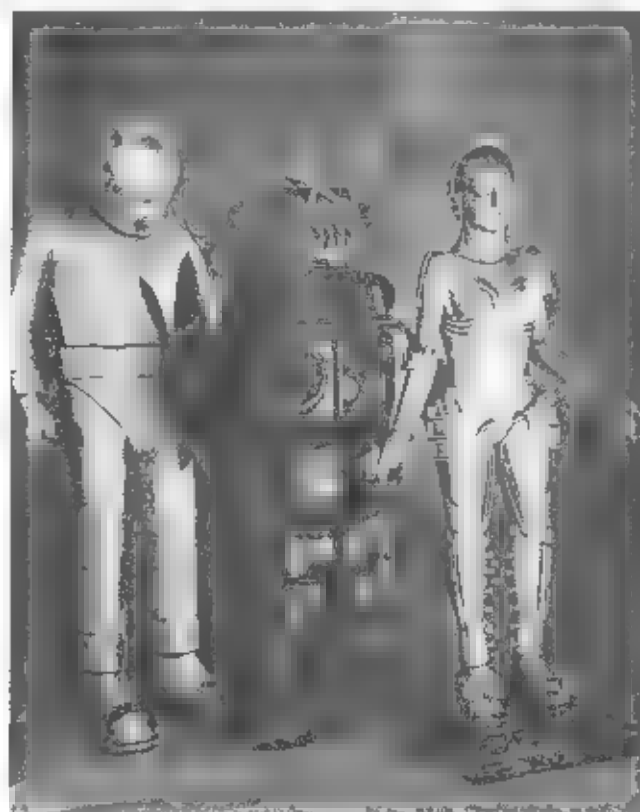
So much for the monsters, so what's new in beasts, vampires, werewolves and whatnots?

Well, there'll be a **BEAST FROM BLOOD ISLAND**. And **CHOOKNA: THE BEAST FROM WORLD'S END**. And **GIGANTIS**—he's the brother of Godzilla—who meets up with a perfectly charming, er, alarming new slaymate.

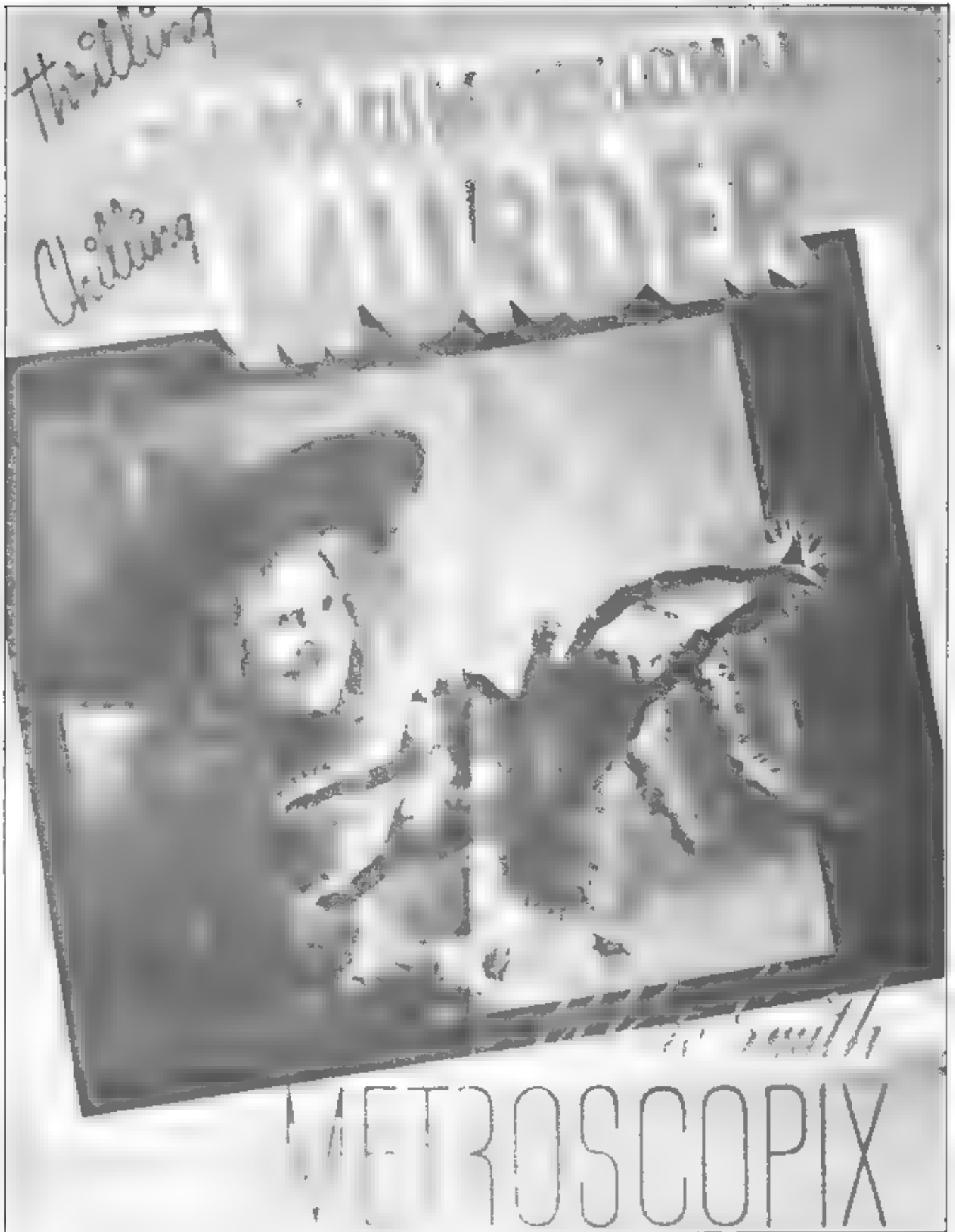
There'll be a dandy dragon in **EVE AND THE DRAGON**, the Jim Nicholson Special that will be filmed in Superama and dramacolor in the mysterious Matto Grosso jungle.

AFFAIRS OF A VAMPIRE will be cobled with **THE LEECH**, both Universal-International, the latter not to be confused with **ATTACK OF THE GIANT LEECHES**, an American-International title.

And it will take Skin-enscope to properly cover **THE ALLIGATOR PEOPLE**.



Originally the still was from **TARGET EARTH**, showing "Run-Tin-Can the Robotman" but it got lost, strayed or stolen in the meantime so here are three mechsicans for the price of one, Bill Malone's reconstructions of Gort, Robby and Ultima.



In issue #4 of FMOF originally there was a still here of the Grim Reaper and a frightened woman from the 1929 production of THE THREE PASSIONS. Unfortunately that foto after use was never returned to me so I now substitute this eye popping poster from THIRD DIMENSIONAL MURDER



This is a Picture of Dorian Gray
Taken before his hair went the same way



This is the last known picture of that Gray
known as Dorian.
They say he got this way when his Queen
went Victorian

things are buzzing

THE FLY was such a block-buzzer that the inevitable has happened: there's to be, oops, be a RETURN OF THE FLY

But, as Shakespeare once said (after reading a copy of FM) "To bee or not to bee, that is the question" and the answer seems to be THE WASP WOMAN, which is the new title for INSECT MEN, announced here last issue. Susan Cabot, whom you will remember as the beautiful brunet star of THE SAGA OF THE VIKING WOMEN AND THEIR VOYAGE TO THE WATERS OF THE GREAT SEA SERPENT plays the waspish character

Things will no doubt be humming at the bucks-office too when it's hit by THE HIDEOUS ROCK N' ROLL CREATURE. Or THE CRAZY QUILT TERROR, suggested by David Grinnell's short story, "The Rag Thing"

mish-mash

There's a perfect mish-mash coming up in the Battle of the Masks.

THE MASK OF THE RED DEATH will be produced by Alex Gordon

Allied Artists plans a plain one called just THE MASK

Boris Petroff has registered the title MASK OF TERROR

There's to be a new BEHIND THE MASK, not to be confused with the Boris Karloff BEHIND THE MASK of 1932 nor the BEHIND THE MASK of 1946 with Kane Richmond nor Peter Lorre in THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK'

THE MASK OF MELOD—*a Gozmesque idea by Weaver (Frankenstein from Space) Wright*

one's company, two's a cloud!

A Cloud of Death is bad enough to contend with when it's high in the sky like THE FLYING EYE but when it splits in two (like THE TROLLENBERG TERROR) and starts down the mountainside for you—that's the time to head for the nearest exit! Actually, these are both the same picture: "Eye" is the American title and "Troilenberg" the British. It's about Forrest Tucker as a science investigator for UNO who discovers that a space-creature is hidden in a radioactive cloud atop a Swiss Alp. This "thing," which is like an airborne octopus, can only survive where it's extremely cold. The Thing thrives on mountain-cumbers and villagers, beheading a couple and possessing two



The early silent Hungarian version (1917) of THE PICTURE of DORIAN GRAY. No doubt you recognize pre-Dracula Bela as the dapper gentleman on the left, probably in the role played by George Sanders in the Hurd Hatfield version



Once upon a Crime a foto of a Mutant Splder hare from **THE STRANGE WORLD OF PLANET X** but somebody stole it so you're doomed instead to look at this unlovely foto of your editor as Corpse #3 in Somtow Sucharitkul's **THE LAUGHING DEAD**



Before there was **GHOST BUSTERS** there was **GHOST BREAKERS** Paramount 1940. "Gimme a break!" comedian Bob Hope said to this zombie (the Native Ruler of Skull Island, the Noblest Johnson of them all)

others. Those who become mad puppets under the baleful influence of The Flying Eye eventually have to be destroyed. Threat to the existence of the creature is the presence of a psychic young woman whose mind reaches out and uncovers the secret existence of the cloud-hidden monster. There's a thrilling climax as the tentacled terror, aware that its life is in danger, moves down the mountainside to destroy its enemies in the Observatory—only to be met by a plane dropping fire bombs.

nicholson's new ones

No issue of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* would be complete, of course, without announcements from American International Pix, where proxy Jim Nicholson's always busy fixing to offer further fantastic flickers. As a followup to **THE SCREAMING SKULL** he'll display **THE HEADLESS GHOST** and since he didn't quite get rid of the world in **THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED**, he'll aim at total destruction in **END OF THE WORLD**.



Legendary director Robert Florey (*Thriller* episode "The Incredible Dr. Markesan") guided Peter Lorre thru his visage-scarred role in **THE SPACE BEHIND THE MASK**, Columbia 1941

cinéma 57



Henry Hull as the WEREWOLF OF LONDON on the cover of the 1957 French cinemagazine that inspired FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND.

Nicholson has bought Jack Williamson's great werewolf story, **WOLVES OF DARKNESS**. Some of its exciting chapter heads are: "The Tracks in the Snow," "The Pack that Ran by Moonlight," "The Wolf and the Woman," "A Strange Homecoming," "The Machine in the Cellar," "The Temple of Crimson Gloom," "The Creeping Darkness" and *Spawn of the Dark Dimension!* Wow! Rush this one, Jim!

"This summer we'll have an unusual one out," Jim tells us, "**WORLD WITHOUT WOMEN**." His company is also preparing to do **THE WAR OF 1999**, Richard Wilson's **GIRLS FROM PLANET 5**, and a monster comedy called **TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER**. But the very biggest announcement of all is (and I'll let Jim Nicholson tell it to you in his own words) "A few months ago many of you read in the supplement to your Sunday paper a special fiction-prediction feature by Jules Verne called **IN THE YEAR 2889**. HOWELLS' great **THINGS TO COME** only dealt with the wars and wonders of the next 100 years, but Verne's prophecy goes nearly 1000 years into the future. To give this exciting Verne property the scope it deserves we are going to film it in CinemaScope and color. We hope it will be as successful as **20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA**."

Although no decisions have been reached at the time this issue of FM goes to press, it is known that American-International is also studying for possible production such works as Ray Cummings' "Brigands of the Moon," "interplanetary Hunter" by Arthur K. Barnes, "Power Metal" by Stuart J. Byrne and the late E. Everett Evans' "Alien Minds."

war of the golem's

Golem Golem who's got the Golem?

"First of all," you may ask, "who or what is this Golem?" Well, it was a legendary *android* (human-like robot), said to have been constructed in Czechoslovakia during the Middle Ages. The Germans made a film about it in 1914. They liked it so well that they did it over again just 6 years later. Then in 1937 the French collaborated with the Czechs and filmed a version. A few years ago the Czechs did a version all their own.

And now there's considerable confusion over who'll do version #5, for 3 separate companies are all anxious to do so: the Mirisch Co., Frankel-Davis Co., and Galaxy Pictures. Galaxy is George Pal's organization, and your editor has been assisting him so much with research on the Golem that I doubt he will want to abandon the project. But Frankel-Davis say they are prepared to spend \$3,000,000 to turn **THE GOLEM** into a widescreen-color-stereophonic smash hit, and the Mirisches also have big plans.

Yes, we *know* what you little golems would recommend: make 'em all—the more Golems the gorier!

title changes

THE BRAIN EATERS was what finally wound up on the mar-



IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE (1958). Screenplay by sci-fi author Jerome Bixby. Some fans see a relationship between it and **ALIEN**.



Sandra Harrison just washed her eyebrows and now she can't do a thing with them **BLOOD OF DRACULA, 1957.**

queen after being variously referred to previously in FMO's pages as *The Brain Snatchers*, *Keepers of the Earth* and just plain *The Keepers*

The Last Woman on Earth has been changed to **WORLD WITHOUT WOMEN**

Insect Woman is now **THE WASP WOMAN**

THE HALNTED (with the great fantasy authority Anthony Boucher as story consultant)

COUNTDOWN (the sci-f series conceived by William James, with works of Chad Oliver, L. Ron Hubbard, Rog Phillips and others under consideration)

THE WITCH'S TALES (televersions of the Alonzo Deen Cole radio classics)

CONQUEST OF SPACE (the Rip Van Ronkel series developed from the Geo. Pal. production of the same name)

MOON PROBE (starring Wm. Lundigan, space-man of the film **RIDERS TO THE STARS**)

and **THE FANTASTIC**

moon glow

Seems like everybody's headed for the Moon

Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are battling over who'll first make it on **THE ROAD TO THE MOON**

World-famous comedian Charles Chaplin himself, in Paris, has announced plans for **A JOURNEY TO THE MOON**

Kirk Douglas and Sophia Loren are contemplating an orbit **ONCE AROUND THE MOON**

Wonder what they'll find on the Dark Side of the Moon—a Vice President of our Famous Monsters Club???

the list roundup

Here's a last roundup list for your Black Book of things to come. Watch for these thrillers on your marquees and in our future issues

THE BEAST FROM ASSUAN

THE STRANGLER OF BENGAL

THE RETURN OF JACK THE RIPPER

NIGHT OF THE GHOULS

THE MAN IN THE RUE NOIR

THE NIGHT PEOPLE (based on Richard Matheson's vampiric *I Am Legend*)

THE BEHEMOTH a \$750,000 production.

THE FACE (supernaturalism in 1840)

VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED

Ib J. Melchior's **THE MULTIPLE MAN**

Edmond Hamilton's **PYGMY ISLAND**

THE NOMOGLOD the beast from the brain of Wyott Ordang

RETURN FROM THE RIVER STYX

THE DAY THE CHILDREN VANISHED

THE DAY THE CHILDREN VANISHED

THE DAY THE ADULTS VANISHED



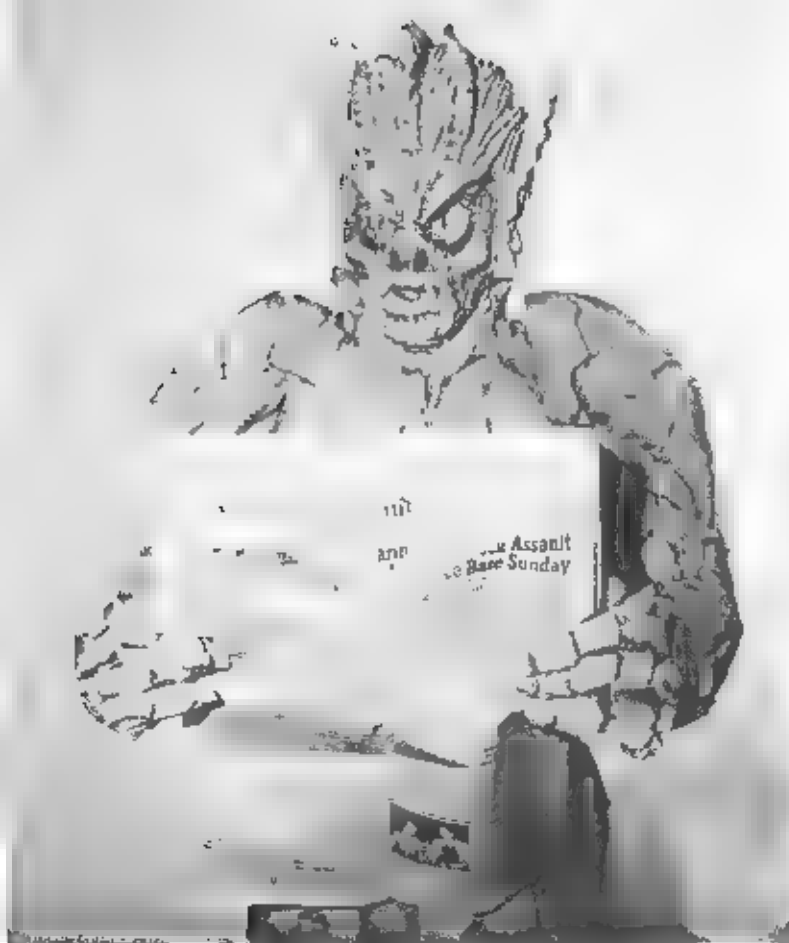
In the earliest days of FMOF Lon Chaney Sr. had been dead for over 5 lustrums (25 years) and was in danger of becoming a forgotten actor because all but one of his approximately 185 films were silent. So it was a treat in the 4th issue to show him as **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME**. However, today Quasimodo is a figure known to every schoolboy, so there is no point in repeating an oft-seen picture. Substituted is this charming she-creature from **CRY OF THE BANSHEE**, AIP 1970.



Michael (Konga) Gough in a portrait that would have turned Dorian gray, in **CRUCIBLE OF HORROR**.



Fredric March (died 1975) in his Academy Award Winning role in the definitive version of DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, Paramount 1931



THE GHOST OF DRAGSTRIP HOLLOW, AIP 1959.
Two years after **THE SHE CREATURE** walked into the ocean and pulled the waves over her head, she was back!



THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL—last 3 people on earth!

LOU COSTELLO AND HIS 30-FOOT BRIDE was formerly known as *'The Secret Bride of Candy Rock.'*

Jerome Bixby's *The Sea Demon* has become **THE DEVIL FROM THE DEEP**

FIEND FROM THE FUTURE is the retelling of the Larry Maddock Weaver Wright collaboration formerly known as *It Came to Kill*

carradine the cosmic

John Carradine is back to scare us, this time arriving from over-crowded space in a mysterious ball-shaped object. As **THE COSMIC MAN** his object is to study us Earthians and remove our gravity altogether if not satisfied with his findings. Some of the time he's invisible, other times he's vaguely seen as a ghost-like wrath. He destroys several million dollars worth of laboratory equipment at one point. An arc-light almost gets him at another. See **THE COSMIC MAN** and discover his fate for yourself

terrorvision visions

Check your channels for a whole host of new teleseries from the spooky to the spunk, from the phantom to the fathom, such as—

TWILIGHT ZONE (Rod Serling original strange tales)

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN (Budd Bankson's Verneque adventure series)

INTO THE UNKNOWN (weird tales by writers like Ray Bradbury)

CRATER BASE #1 (lunar adventures 60 years hence as envisioned by such sci fi writers as AE van Vogt, Edmond Hamilton, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Weaver Wright, Robert Heinlein, Jack Williamson, etc.)

TALES OF FRANKENSTEIN (with episodes by the late Henry Kuttner, the quite alive Jerome Bixby)

REPORT FROM SPACE (Ray Bradbury's own series)

STRANGER THAN FICTION (Art Baker's show of the supernatural)

As far as is known, this is one of those pictures (foto by John Dods) that was announced but never completed. A creature known as Corgy from **GROG IN THE CASTLE OF DOOM**.



Early Christopher Lee terror tale (1985) known as **HORROR CASTLE** in the USA, **CASTLE OF TERROR** in England. My name for this bone monster: the *skulleton*



Anachronism! This foto was taken (by David—12 to the Moon—Bradley) approximately 25 years after the 4th issue of FMOF from which this feature is reprinted. Chipper lady is, perhaps next to "Ann Darrow", the "bravest girl the world has ever known" She didn't stand up to King Kong but she did dare take the mask off Erk, the Phantom (Lon Chaney) of the Opera! Yes, it's a recent foto of heroine Mary Philbin.

take a breath

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.
ROBOTMAN, USA
INVISIBLE INVADERS.
TARZAN, THE APE MAN

H Rider Haggard's WATUSI.
SCENT OF MYSTERY with Peter Lorre
—in scentomascope

MY WORLD DIES SCREAMING (mystery melodrama with the new process, Subcep)

THEY LIVED A MILLION YEARS

The Japanese spectacles, ONI and THE H-MAN

THE WEREWOLF OF PARIS by Guy Endore

DRACULA IN ISTANBUL

THE SHAGGY DOG (Walt Disney)

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED.

THE EXPERIMENT OF DR. ZAHN

FRANKENSTEIN FROM SPACE (possibly in 3D')

MARTIAN FRANKENSTEIN

FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN

HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM

THE CREEPING HAND.

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI



Originally there was a roughly humanoid figure here with smoke coming out its empty eyesockets, the Man of Slay from the 4th production of the legend, THE GOLEM AND THE EMPEROR'S BAKER—another Lost Foto from my Files. Replaced herewith by the equally rare GOLEM of FRENCH TELEVISION, 1966.

WEREWOLF, I DIG YOU THE MOST



Dancers in this Waltz Dizzy production are Warner Oland (left) and, starting from scratch, Henry Hull, right. They're doing a howlingly hot fox, er, wolf trot. (Universal 1935, known in Canada as UNHOLY HOUR) page 10



The Macrocephalon from Mars in **THE INVASION OF THE SAUCERMEN**, American International Pictures 1957, adapted from the story in *IF* magazine, "The Cosmic Frame" by Paul W. Fairman. Known in England as **HELL CREATURES**. Remade as **EYE CREATURES**.

time to breath again

AI. in color remakes of **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**, **THE INVISIBLE MAN**, **THE WOLF-MAN** and **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**.

TAKEOFF (rocketale by the late Cyril Kornbluth)

SHADOW ON THE HEARTH (atomic destruction of New York by Judith Merril)

THE TINGLER

THE MAN FROM TOMORROW by Wilson Tucker and same author's **LONG, LOUD SILENCE**.

WAKO, **THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN**

DEATH COMES FROM SPACE

WITCHCRAFT

THE TIME MACHINE (HGWells wrote it, both Geo. Pa. and Benedict Bogeaus claim they're going to film it!)

JACK, THE GIANT KILLER

RATTLESNAKE (sci-fi horror)

SHADOW MONSTER

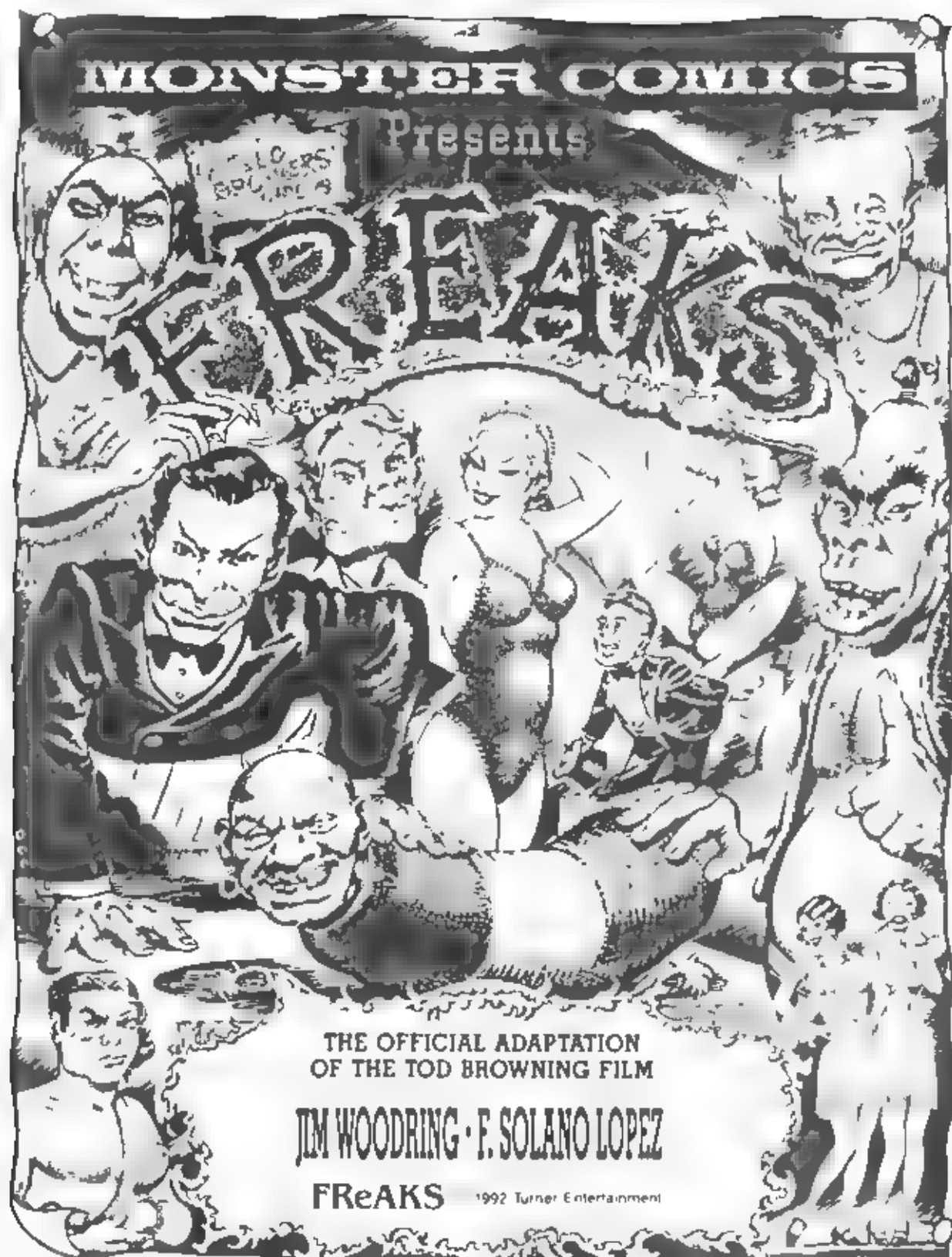
BLUEBEARD GENIUS (horror)

KILLER CORPSE

Jules Verne's **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**.

MAN WHO CAME FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

And **THE UNSEEN**



PO Box 25070 Seattle WA 98125 1970

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE

COULDN'T BE DONE

BELOW—Across a
Gulf of 32 Years,
the Editorial
from

THE 4TH ISSUE OF FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

COULDN'T BE DONE

COULDN'T BE DONE

THEY said you couldn't make a magazine as great
FAMOUS MONSTERS.

THEY said it would only last one issue. The P.T.A.
(Peasants of Transylvania Association) would stop it.

THEY said, "How could you top it? Where would you
get photos for the second issue greater than the first? How
could the pictures in #3 surpass those in #2? Would there
be enough new material for a 4th number?" (Well, just
watch for the sensational Specials, Exclusives and Scoops
in #5!)

THEY said, "You'd be swamped by cheap, inferior im-
itations."

THEY talk too much. THEM! What do they know
about IT?

YOU—YOU are the ones we listen to. YOU thirsting
thousands upon thousands who can't get enough Ghoul-
Aid, Choke-late Sodas, Vanilla Milk-Shocks and Coca-
Dracolas to soothe your parched throats till the glorious
day (today) when you discover the new issue of FAMOUS
MONSTERS on sale! Drink ye deep! Quench your thirst!
Every page guaranteed to make your mouth water or your
tongue replaced free of charge.

DR ACULA & HIS ZOMBIES
Forrest J Ackerman and
James Warren

LOVE IS BLIND



Walt Daugherty, the Photographer of the Mon-Stars in the heyday of FAMOUS MONSTERS, portrays the Blind Hermit who accepts the Ackermonger as a beloved companion in the made-for-fun 16mm spoof premiered at Fory's 70th birthday, THE RETURN OF FRANKENSTEIN. (Makeup by Mary Ellen Rabogliatti-Daugherty, foto by same.)

Frankenstein from Space

A Terrorizing Earth-Shaking Motion Picture Hit of the Future!

Text unchanged as originally published. Just mentally change 1975 to 1998.

The year is 1975. The place, the Swiss Alps. The people: Dr. Thomas Frenken, a famous surgeon, his charming European wife, Marlene, and their American-born teenage daughter, Arlene. Soon we will also meet Pierre Linard, a nice young Swiss boy. And, soon enough, the not-so-nice MONSTER.

The picture opens with a big roar that rattles the weird equipment in Dr. Frenken's laboratory. The doctor looks up in annoyance from the table on which he is performing "Zeroperation" on a small animal. His wife calms him. "This is 1975 darling, and the faster our world moves the noisier it gets." We glimpse the noise-maker: a sleek low-flying passenger rocket.

With the roar of the rocket still in our ears, we see a new scene: Arlene and her new-found boyfriend, Pierre, dancing to the blare of a Rocket 'n' Roar number at the village inn.

The camera takes us back and forth between the dance racket and the spluttering rocket, which we now see is in distress. Suddenly

trouble on high

the rocket goes out of control. It plows thru the cables of the snow-lift, which is the only way to get from the village to the Frenken's lodge, thru telephone wires, and eventually slams into the side of the mountain.

Snow is jarred loose and comes tumbling down from the mountaintop, immediately covering the dead-on-impact passengers.

As the tragedy takes place practically in their back yard, the Frenkens get to the rocket wreck within a matter of moments. They dig frantically with their hands to discover if anyone is left alive. Most bodies are smashed to bits and pieces.

important corpse

An impressive locked briefcase is uncovered and shortly after a body with a handcuff on it. The bearded corpse with the handcuff looks somehow familiar to the Frenkens, but they cannot place the face. It looks like the briefcase had been handcuffed to him, and that he was therefore very likely an important person. His body is crushed to pulp but his head seems quite in one undamaged piece.

inspiration

Frenken thinks quickly of putting one and one together (one head and one body). His wife has some misgivings about his plan, but after all, he isn't a mad scientist, suggesting the experiment for an evil purpose, no, he genuinely hopes to save what appears to be a very valuable human life. So the Frenkens drag the bearded body and the heavy case back to their laboratory and there, by candlelight, since the rocket ripped the power lines out, the eerie brain transplantation takes place. Additionally, the doctor injects the body with his potent serum, *rhad-mine*, to bring the body and brain back to life. As the once dead man's eyes flicker open, the scene abruptly changes to:

Newspaper in the hands of Pierre and Arlene, who are reading about the crash that has separated Arlene from her parents. On the front page is an easily recognized hint of a fatal face—the one just brought back to life, but it is not a great good man, it is the notorious Gaston Garrou, the Mexican Bluebeard. His murder victims numbered 25.

worse than donovan's brain

Bluebeard's murder must have taken place in the brain's length body. But the Frenkens don't know it. As the brain is nursed back to strength, Marlene Frenken feels uneasy about him, as we like say. When he's up and about he makes two or three attempts to kill her, like he did all the others, but it does not look like accidents. One time he nearly tops off her head while helping her chop wood. Another time he almost drowns her in the well while they're teaching water. But Dr. Frenken dismisses all as coincidence or imagination on his wife's part.

At last the secret monster is driven to trying outright murder. By choking. While the Frenkens are asleep.

the undying monster

Mrs. Frenken awakes as the monster grabs her about the throat. Her husband leaps from bed and lights Bluebeard all over the

lab, which is wrecked. Dr. Frenken pumps six bullets into the monster without any effect. He later realizes the life restoring *rhad-mine* must have been more powerful than he imagined.

The Bluebeard beast jumps out the window and escapes into the snow where Dr. Frenken says dazedly to his wife, "Strange, a woman once wrote a book about such a thing. About a hundred years ago I think. I remember seeing movies they made about it when I was younger. From dead bodies he took from graves or the gallows he fashioned a man and brought him to life, only to have his creature become a destroying demon. They said it was soulless, that he had meddled with things men should leave alone. Now dead men on wings of flame fell out of the sky at his feet, and I put them together and created a modern Frankenstein."

He has unwittingly created in the world an evil creature, powerful and perhaps invulnerable.

teenagers meet frankenstein

As the Monster is coming down the hill, Arlene and Pierre are struggling, but when they come across a snow drift with its throat torn but strangely very little blood on the snow. Where could the blood have gone? they wonder. And apparently the wolf was not killed in a fight with another wolf, for what are those *man-prints* leading away from the body?

The teenagers stop, rest, fall asleep, and Arlene is kidnapped by the monster, who also steals Pierre's snowshoes. When Arlene manages to scream, Pierre is awakened and starts to rescue her.

This scene leads up to a ski slide and one of the most thrilling nights anyone has ever written for film. At the end, Bluebeard Frankenstein (in his wing gear) (Arlene) in his arms and is at the top of the slide and goes skiing down it. As he flies thru space—

—but no. We can't tell you the conclusion. You'll have to see the movie for your ed.

help frankenstein

Here, how can we help get this Frankenstein movie made? Write a letter To Whom it May Concern (Maybe Jim Wynor, or Fred Olsen, Ray, or Charlie, Band will read it and act on it) Tell them you read about FRANKENSTEIN FROM SPACE in this issue of MONSTERAMA and you and all your friends would sure like to see a made-in-a-movie. Let them know you'd go on or so, once but twice.

And while you're at it, make suggestions as to who you'd like to see in the cast. Who would you suggest as the Bluebeard Frankenstein? Angus Scrimm. There are plenty of parent types & teenagers to choose from, you name 'em. Be a casting consultant.

Send your letter to FRANKENSPACE, 2495 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, CA 90027 and all letters will be brought to the attention of potential producers.

Help create a monster.

SATISFIED SUBSCRIBERS



JASON, DAWN & MATT GLASSY

THEIR DAD, Mark Glassy of San Diego, CA, owns 3 mint copies of FMOF #1. Considering they're already selling for over a thousand dollars apiece, by the time this trio of terrific kids is ready for college, the collectors' items will pay for their tuition! (Provided they don't hang onto them for *their* children.)

The Glassy household wisely has a triple subscription to **MONSTERAMA**. If you want everyone in the world including **KING KONG** to look UP to you, it's the easiest thing out-of-this world to do: just join the throng (you can't go wrong) and send your money along for a year-long yelping of the gnarliest memory-lane monsters in all Thingdom!

A mere \$10.50, 10 moldy green pieces of paper with George Washington's picture on them, plus a bu (that's half a bu-ck!), and your mailbox will resemble a mailstrom every 3 months as half a hun-

dred or more Its, Things, Beasts & Creatures come crawling, slithering, swimming, flapping into your lap. Mail check or money order to:

**SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
MONSTERAMA
7563 LAKE CITY WAY
SEATTLE, WA 98155**

I excitedly inclose \$10.50 in anticipation of the next 3 GREAT ISSUES of the successor to Famous Monsters—**MONSTERAMA**.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP

READERS DIE JEST

The following bits o' wit from our letter writing readers so tickled both of your editor's funnybones (his two heads) that we have decided to pass along to you other monster lovers these gems of wisdom and jewels of ghouldom.

"Kongfucious say 'Do not put hand in cage when feeding bats, may need fingers to write letter to Famous Monsters'"

PHIL YACINO JR

"Well, that's the way Dracula drags."—
The Dracula of Little Neck (?) Long Island

"Any vampire who doesn't like FM should be locked in his tomb, any werewolf deprived of the moon."

THOMAS CURRY

"I'll be lurking for you!" WILLIAM WALLANCE

"My Master is drinking his dinner right now and has taken off my chains so I can drink mine. Oh oh I have to go now—he is beating me for stealing some of his blue bat's blood to write you this."

DAVID SHERIDAN

"I live in an underground-level rent-free apartment" CHARLIE (COFFIN) STATLER

Warning on envelope "Open With Care!" Werewolf! Beware!"

—TOM CURRY

Karloff played a Monster,

Lugos, played a Bat

Chaney played the Opera,

Christopher played Drac

BOB STANKEY

"I bid you bad day"—SANFORD IABLON

"I hope I win a prize for this beautifully composed letter" MODEST MAIDEN

BILL ZIMMERMAN proposes a new toast for vampires. "Here's *blood* in your eye"

"I dig your ghost the most," contributes JOE MARCHELLO

Your magazine is strictly for the bats—"PHILIP JESSUP JR

"A Martian came to Earth in a flying saucer. When he met an Earthman, he said *Teska via b'g'vayah*, which translated means 'Take me to Brigitte Bardot, I'll see your leader tomorrow'"—ALAN GLUECKMAN



"Always practice the Ghoulden Rule."—
BARNEY BERNARD

"FAMOUS MONSTERS is the greatest thing that happened in Transylvania since 500 years ago when Count Dracula invented the flip-top coffin"—JOHN SARNO

AN ODE TO MONSTERS

Never will the day be here,

When the werewolves lose their were.
When Frankenstein bashes Igor's head,

Or when Count Dracula is really dead
When Lugosi and Chaney are forgotten,

Or when Karloff is verboten
Monsters and fiends will live on,

Even when humans are gone.

When Jayne and Marilyn are both old hags,

The Mummy will still have his rotten rags.

by Dave Sheridan

"Your mag is terror-ific. Seems you've started a fad (that's MAD, spelled with an F)." MONTE JOHNSON

"FM is the livest mag I ever read. It bites me every time I try to put it down!"—JOSEPH GINEX

DESLIE LEVASSAUR JR signs himself
"Brother Bat"

"Melvin, my monster, is eating some of the neighbor's property—his arm."—
BOBBY CALLAGY

"I had a hunch the editor was really tall, dark, handsome, intelligent and rich, but after meeting him I want my hunch back."—PHYLLIS (NOTRE DAME) FARKAS

"I am invited to a Werewolf Ball, but I haven't a thing to were. Do you think a shock dress would be suitable?"—
ANNETTE TARASIEWICZ

"To open envelope—Chew neatly along dotted line."—JOE GOLDOOR

"Famous Monsters is really a great Magascream!" MICHAEL HIGGINS.
And a note to close with from JAY KNEPPER. "Goodbye, whatever you are."

For each monstrous saying quoted in this department, FM will pay five hundred *draculans*. This sum will be deposited in the name of the writer in the First Gnash'nal Bank of Transylvania.

The following bits of wits-dumb were lifted from candead comments contained in letters from our ribbers, or, readers. For each cleaver quotation (they're the kind that cut close to home) we will give the writer a one-way train ticket to Trainsylvania.

ALICIA ARIA of Palo Alto, Calif., reports "Every time I turn on my TV set I get a revival of a great Lugosi film. I'm so happy with my Beavision!"

"A thing in my cellar is dripping green on me," complains MATT RICHARDSON of Southern Karloffonia. "How do I remove a Franken-stain?"

"My son Tom is crazy about opera," an Indianapolis housewife, MRS. ROBERTA MAE DELL, tells us "Not monster movies like a normal boy, not my Tom, no, all the time opera. All his schoolmates tease Tom. They call him the Fan. Tom, of the opera."

"It isn't the cough that carries you off, it's the coffin they carry you off in"—JOSE MILLER.

"I have a Teensville mania to visit Trainsylvania!" confesses DAVID ELYK of Potsdam, NY

"I had a dream that was the greatest thrill of my life. I dreamt I met YOU—Forrest Ackerman—editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS, and you let me sit on your lap! It was the greatest charge bolts and volts literally flew thru me. Of course, at the time you were sitting in your favorite electric chair."

SHERRY FARKAS, Phila., Pa.

"Always lurk before you leap!" SYLVIA KUMIKO, Hawaii

"As the vampire-type actor said, 'I'm waiting for a part I can really sink my teeth into!'"—MIKE ALI KAHN, Reportersville, Calif.

"Why is a missile-launching like Dracula in a coffin? Both require a Count down."

JOMMY KROSZ, Vogt City, Ontario, Canada.

"I just heard a shaggy werewolf story and to my mind that's going too darn fur!"—

BARBARA AGBERG

"I'm confused. After seeing a monster movie last nite, my girlfriend mumbled something in my ear that sounded like I was a 'fine dish' but do you suppose she could have been saying fiendish?" ZEKE LEPPIN

"Is it true that there is a skeleton in the closet of Grace Skully?"—JEANNETTE PERKAL-DZIKOWSKI, Alsace, France



WARNING TO DRACULA

by
SYLVIA TRANSVANIA
(age 12)

Drac be nimbie,
Drac don't quake,
Drac jump over
The candle-stake

"I saw a doggone good movie the other nite. It was the super-great grandson of Rin Tin Tin in THE CURS OF FRANKENSTEIN. By Collie, I was terrier-fied, and that's no bull, dog"—MAX MANDELBAUM, NY

"How are Things at your house?"—EDDIE ACKERMAN, Neighborhood Monster Fan #1 and no known relation to Forrest J Ackerman

"You know who *should* have been the heroine in BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE? I just figured it out. Judy Gore-land"—SABRA YOLA JARDINE

"I think you have the greatest magazine in the country, and that's where it ought to stay—in the country. Things are already monstrous enough in the big cities." ROBERT BLOCH (Of course not the Robert Bloch, Bobby Bloch of Frog Hollow, Florida.)

"As one ghoul said to another, 'He nibbled on things man was not meant to gnaw'—MIKE SULLIVAN, Brooklyn



Let's see now...10 rolls of gauze, roll of adhesive tape, underarm deodorant that will be \$3.98.



THE LON CHANNEY FACTORY

by Brad Linaweaver

This homage by award-winning author Brad Linaweaver has had the most unholy long gestation period. When I was selected to be the editor of a revived Weird Tales magazine in 1984, I intended to feature "The Factory" in the first issue. The new publisher of this prestigious periodical, begun in 1923, was pleased with the story. But the distributor, a businesswoman who had no business dictating editorial policy, with unprecedented chutzpah got into the act like the tail wagging the werewolf and declared "Factory" to be one of the worst stories she had every read and she would not allow it in the magazine' (How I acted out of the editorship is a real horror story in itself and one of the weirdest things that ever happened in my professional career) Later, when I agreed to edit Monsterland with the understanding that I would have complete autonomy, almost immediately the publishers began complaining: no one could understand what the word "imagi-movie" meant (!)... I ought to go heavy on Japanese coverage. . . "The Lon Chaney Factory" was too long. I'm not saying it's the best thing Bradbury never wrote or "Move over, Stephen King," but I don't think Robert Bloch would have blanch-ed to have his byline on it. The tale is one of 42 features in the Elizabeth A. Saunders anthology of dark fantasies, When the Black Lotus Blooms, published by Unnameable Press, POB 11689, Atlanta, GA 30355-1689 at \$12.95, and appears here with the kind permission of the publisher and author, illustration by permission of the artist, James A. Riley.

The darkness was not complete. A green shape moved within. A hand. It sidled across an unseen floor, spider-like. The merest sound of scratching could be heard in that Stygian womb. Then the hand rose into the air, pointed a luminescent finger at a sliver of white light that had just come into existence, growing as a door opened—flooding the room with scenery.

A gruff voice spoke. "I've seen that before. What else have you got?"

A quiet voice answered. "Nothing special, I'm afraid."

Screaming, an old crone on a broomstick swept down from batchustered rafters to glare at guests on the floor far below. She flew right through the fat producer who was the owner of the gruff voice, and who almost lost his unlit cigar as he yawned at her mad face. "Halloween again?" he asked of nobody in particular.

Through an octagonal window at the producer's left, the full moon turned into a blood-shot eye. A skeleton had groped its

way out of the floor in front of him. Wolves howled way down in the machinery beneath. "Let's see the rest of it," said the producer, and the two men walked farther into the gloom.

Out of a circle of darkness strode Count Dracula, fangs gleaming from no discernable light source. At his right loomed a werewolf. A gauze-covered hand reached out just behind the producer and

"Turn it off!" said the gruff voice.

"Yes, Mr. Cordone," said his companion, removing a small card from his vest pocket, and touching a button on its clean, plastic surface. The monsters were gone. The light was on. Two men stood alone amidst a few props in what appeared to be an abandoned factory.

"Look here, Fossett," said Cordone, mouthng his unlit cigar, "we've got more vampires than we can shake a stick at and mummies coming out the kazoo. I wanted something different this time."

The younger man paused before asking, "What about my sug-

gestion to get away from horror for a while? We could try a musical revue, say."

Cordone turned so that his cigar—which seemed a natural extension of his face—was pointing at Fossett's chin. "Doctor, I hired you for your technical skills, and you're not a half-bad scenarist. But basic showmanship is my job. I like your test holograms for a thirties musical program. If the market ever wants 'em, we'll provide. But now we're in the biggest horror boom since the holo shows caught on. And I want something that will swamp the competition."

Fossett wished he hadn't used that word—it reminded him of his failed swamp monster proposal from the previous month.

Cordone kept on. "Where the hell are the smells? I didn't get one whiff from the decay of rotting corpses or any of that stuff."

"Trouble with the software. We'll have it all together by the end of the week: sounds, smells, colors."

It was as if Cordone hadn't even heard him. "What you were just showing me was going to run the full gamut, right? Frankenstein's Monster was next, I suppose, complete with thunder and lightening."

Ted Fossett brushed his black hair back on his head, and took a deep breath. Now was as good a time as any. "Mr. Cordone, I've been giving this matter a lot of thought. There is really nothing wrong with the concept of our current show. The au-

dience feels at home with the traditional elements, as if they were long lost relatives. The trouble is in the faces."

"Yeah?"

"There aren't any."

The producer removed his cigar from a suddenly pensive mouth. "You trying to be cryptic with me? Never mind. You can explain what you mean over lunch. I've gotta be outside for a minute. If I don't light this week and smoke it pronto, I'm gonna die."

On the ride over to the restaurant, Fossett spent his time trying to avoid the acrid cigar smoke and thinking up a proposal for his next holo-show that would be Cordone-proof. With the finality of a dungeon door slamming shut, he'd settled on his course of action by the first course of their meal at The Oyster & Shell.

"Now what did you mean about faces?" asked the producer, mouth finally sans cigar and about to go to work on a martini.

"You're not really bored by the subject matter of your horror house, it's not the familiarity with the material that's the trouble. Our monsters don't have faces. Our Dracula isn't Lugosi or Lee or Jourdan or Langelia or Tomukin. He's a vague approximation of a childhood memory: a painted mask. That's the trouble with all the characters."

"You propose to redo the monsters based on famous actors in the roles?"

"I would, except that you were also right about having saturated the public with these particular images already. They are so used to seeing the figures as they stand, they wouldn't even notice improvement in detail. No, we need something different."

"The audience feels at home with the traditional elements, as if they were long lost relatives. The trouble here is in the faces."

The producer was smiling now. He started on his second martini. It did his heart good to see creative employees being creative. "Something new?" he asked.

"Something old. Something with terror, yet also a memory. A program built around the portrayals of one great horror star."

"I like it. How about Boris Karloff?"

"A wonderful suggestion, but many of his famous roles are already part of the package we're selling. Oddly enough, we do not have a single characterization from the first movie star to be associated with macabre roles."

"Who's that?"

"Boss, I give you Lon Chaney, the man of a thousand faces. And what a face."

A hundred photographs covered the walls of his office. Fossett had a good research team back at Doppelganger, Incorporated. Some of the old boys went back to the period of animatronics and robot mockups. They'd made the transition to the holograms readily. Looking at the photos they had managed to gather, he figured they'd make good librarians as well.

He saw that most of the material was on loan from The Ackerman Museum. A booklet on the Chaney section of the collec-







nion was on his desk. Other photographs would be forthcoming. And holos would be made from them as well as the films.

Fossett had insisted on seeing the classics. His grandfather had been what they called, "heavily into nostalgia." That's how, as a boy, Ted Fossett had seen the original version of *The Phantom of the Opera*. Old flickering melodrama that it was, the picture had exerted a strange hold on its young viewer—as it had for generations before him. For the first time, Ted Fossett had beheld the face of living death. He could not forget.

The first photograph he went over to examine was of the phantom. It was the only one in a frame. Yes, it was as he remembered, and yet there was something more. He turned away, waited, looked again.

Had there been a subtle change? Those high cheekbones, protruding to such an extent that they almost seemed to be eggs pushing their way out of the side of his head, had shifted, perhaps. Or the way in which light moved across the skull face forming a spiderweb of shadow lace, above which the black eyes stared—was there movement? The phantom seemed alive in that frame, under the nonreflective glass. The eyes seemed to follow the viewer around the room.

He took the picture off the wall and held it close. Memory comes on little cat's feet. He was holding his first nightmare. He'd forgotten just how effective that old movie had really been. It had taken a second bow in his dreams.

Doppelgänger, Inc. wasn't in the business of dreams. It was in the business of convincing people that they remembered what they had really forgotten. The more superficial the better. The

movies for which they provided holographic effects were simple minded trips, offering the audience one easy-to-digest emotion per film. He couldn't bear to watch them. At least these souped-up haunted houses had the merit of lacking pretension.

Until now. Wasn't he biting off more than Mr. Cordone could chew? He looked at the phantom in his hand. He looked at the picture's frame. Until now, he'd shown holos had been nothing but frames. Now he was proposing to put a picture in that frame.

It had better be the right picture. With the amount of money he would be spending in the next three months, he couldn't afford to be wrong.

Trouble comes in threes. That's what he was telling himself, over and over. First he had overslept. Dogs barking in the night had awakened a mockingbird that began to sing. Perhaps the all-night illumination in the street by his house had confused the demented bird into thinking it was daylight, but whatever the reason, its distracted chirping had gone on until dawn.

Oversleeping wasn't so bad, he insisted. One of the reasons to be an executive was to occasionally slip back into patterns of freedom from the good old days of unemployment. Just so that it wasn't frequent. He had no desire to return to the good old days of starvation.

That's what made the second problem so intolerable: the thought that he wouldn't just be late for his appointment, but might miss it altogether. Of all the times to run low a charge! The blue beetle shape of his car was already the size of a coin in the distance behind him. He was near enough the research plant that it made more sense to finish the trek on foot than to

go to a supply station. He could send someone for the car.

Naturally it had to be a hot day. Mouth half open and his eyes stinging, he noticed that beads of perspiration were even showing through his watch that he had taped to his wrist, as he did every morning right after his shower. He wiped off the face on the thin film poroplast so that he could once more masochistically take note of the lateness of the house.

Every step kicked up small dust clouds that made straight for his eyes. My kingdom for a handkerchief, he thought. The blue sky, the flat horizon, the sun baking his neck to a wattled brown—it all put him in the mood for the air-conditioned dark of one of his holo-shows. It was still a long walk before that.

One minute he was trudging down an isolated country road, wondering what his third stroke of bad luck might be, the next, he changed his mind about the fates. A car pulled up beside him, an old gasoline burner. "Need a lift?" asked the man inside.

The top was down on this old convertible. Fossett had a good look at the man behind the wheel. He was a nondescript sort, his long brown face relaxed under an old-fashioned touring cap. "Don't see many of those anymore," said Fossett.

The man's eyes gave him the once over. "What, my cap?"

"Oh no," answered Fossett, laughing. "I mean the antique."

"She runs fine. You getting in?"

Fossett needed no further inducement. The worn leather seat was especially comfortable after the mile he'd walked on foot. From a recent cleaning, the covers had a fresh smell that was new to him.

"Where you headed?" asked the driver.

"Not far. There's a new research and development lab of Doppelganger, Inc. at the end of this road and, say, it dead ends there. Where are you headed?"

The organ room was bathed in a light so purple that it looked like burgundy wine, and next to it was a section of opera seats with the great chandelier above set out in aquarium blue. A silhouette moved near the keyboard.

The driver allowed himself a thin smile. "Same place. I work there."

Fossett had not been to the plant before. A recent addition to his holdings, with new equipment—and ideas—that industrial spies would happily sell to the competition, Cordone had seen to it that it was in an out of the way place. The regular staff had a barracks behind the plant where they would feel they were living the austere life of boot camp privates except that they knew they were DI employees receiving triple overtime for shifts lasting no more than a month at a time. The executive staff was flown in. That's how Fossett was supposed to have arrived except he missed the shuttle.

Somber thoughts of uncharged private vehicles were sneaking around in his mind when he noticed that the fuel gauge on the old coupe read near the top. Wondering where his benefactor had found so much gasoline, Fossett opted for a different question. "What department are you with?"

"I'm the janitor." The man straightened his arms on the wheel and brought his head back on his shoulders until there was a

popping sound. "Not as limber as I used to be," he said.

"Oh," Fossett replied. "I'm with the holo development team. My first time out here, though. I normally work closer to town. Anyway, it was fortunate you passed by. I appreciate the lift."

"Sure." His response seemed to satisfy the man. It didn't satisfy Fossett, but he was through talking. It was so damned hot. He was thirsty and tired. Now the old-fashioned nature of the transportation seemed more irksome than welcome. How could anyone stand to drive around without air conditioning?

Fortunately, the trip was nearly over. As the mushroom-shaped building came into view, its whiteness almost blinding in the afternoon sun, Fossett spoke to the driver once more. "I'm Dr. Fossett. You'll have to let me buy you lunch sometime."

"I'd like that. Maybe I can do something for you."

Fossett waited for the man to give his name. He didn't. The long silences were becoming annoying. He felt a need to make conversation, no matter how anane. Unprompted, a question slipped out. "How did you ever wind up a janitor?" Instantly he regretted the phrasing.

There was no hesitation in the man's answer. "I've always looked for jobs nobody else would do—or could do. Here we are." The car pulled into a slot marked MAINTENANCE. "I'll see you later," finished the driver. There was something languid



about the manner in which the man unwound himself onto the ground. Walking with a cat-like grace, he went into the building, while his passenger continued to sit in the hot car in the hot afternoon. At length Fossett seemed to wake up, wiped the sweat from his forehead, and followed the man into the coolness of the building.

It was a side door through which he entered. If the other installations of the company had struck Fossett as unbearably antiseptic, they were nothing compared to the hospital sterility of this palace. The odor of every disinfectant known to the nose of man. A dull hum emanated from the walls and was so annoying to Fossett that he forgot his thirst. Taking a few steps down the hall, the echoes sounded as the beating of gongs in the palace of an Asiatic despot.

"You're not supposed to be here!" A woman's voice reached him from behind. He turned. The same voice spoke in an entirely different tone. "Oh, Ted. Excuse me." She walked over to him, wearing sane sneakers that did not bellow at his dust-soiled ears. "We were worried that something had happened to you."

"Blossom!" he replied cheerfully. That was one good thing about the hallway. There was plenty of light. Once again he admired the fine doll features of Dr. Tajima, a very talented Japanese woman who, among other things, had introduced him to the pleasures of sushi; the night he wanted to taste everything. Now they exchanged a brief kiss.

Plenty happened to me. Don't ask. Am I too late for the demonstration?"

The Long Chaney Factory cannot begin without you."

How, in God's name did you become involved with this project? I thought you were still in Fuji."



"Cordone brought me over as a surprise for you. Besides, some of the work was farmed out to the Japanese branch."

They were walking down the hall as they talked. She punched for an elevator as he said, "But I didn't know about that. I should have been informed."

"You know how Cordone loves surprises."

"Yes," he answered ruefully. "I hope there aren't any more. At any rate, I shouldn't be complaining. If the janitor hadn't picked me up, I'd still be walking that damned road to get here."

"Janitor?" Tajima asked as the elevator door sighed open.

"Yeah," he answered as they stepped inside. He gave me a ride."

She looked at him closely, then said, "There isn't any janitor here, Ted. The building is fully automated."

The doors closed.

*the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
from the bells, bells, bells, bells*

The Hunchback of Notre Dame ushered them into the bell chamber of the cathedral, where he threw his twisted body with unexpected grace upon the heavy ropes. The clanging was almost loud enough to hurt the ears of the hunchback's visitors. Almost, but not quite. The customer was a ways right.

It seemed to be Chaney's hunchback; god knows that Fossett wanted it to be. With microscopic attention, he watched the performance of the hologram. Its body movements were copied from Chaney—the athletic gyrations under the heavy rubber padding accentuating the suffering of the gnarled face under the chaos of scraggly hair that would be forever famous as a visage of noble torment. They had taken the movements right out of the film and transported them here. Through computer overlays, they had extrapolated what different movements would be, and the final result worked.

He Who Gets Slapped bounded up close to Dr. Fossett, the smile on the white crown's face not covering the frown underneath. For three full seconds Fossett stared into that face, as closely as he would peer at his own reflection in the shaving mirror. The pathos was there, as he had remembered it. Yet something was wrong, as there had been with the hunchback. He was about to tell this to Tajima when the lights went out around him.

*There was no hesitation in the
man's answer: "I've always looked
for jobs nobody else would do—or
could do."*

The moaning of wind through junkyards. The faraway call of a lost train whistle. When the light came back on, the circus was gone. But the clown was still there, only a few feet away, standing with a slightly stooped posture. The white of the face and the suit was brightly outlined in the moonlight. Cold orb above, sad clown below.

When Fossett had written the script for the Chaney holo-show, this had been his favorite scene. It was inspired by an old article by Robert Bloch with the unforgettable Chaney quote: "A clown is funny in the circus ring but what would be the normal reaction to opening a door at midnight and finding the same clown standing there in the moonlight?"



"It works," said Tajima in his ear, taking him by the arm.

"It should have," he started to say, but broke off.

She either didn't hear him, or pretended not to. Already he was walking ahead again, saying, "Wait until you see this!"

This was a collage. First they stepped into a set for a laboratory. Dr. Ziska bowed in welcome. The white lab coat did nothing to put the mind at ease when noticing the countenance above it: Chaney's 1925 performance as a mad scientist from *The Monster*, truly a film that foreshadowed much. The Ziska hologram pointed to a sliding panel that was opening in the stone wall, that perennial device of the silent melodrama. A procession of characters entered the room, to surround Fossett and Tajima, all of them Chaney, all of them menacing.

The ape man of *A Blind Bargain* shambled off to one side as the ghoulish vampire of *London After Midnight* took up a position directly in front of Fossett. He bowed to the lady, this pale fiend, making a motion to tip his stove-pipe hat, but thankfully not removing it, as one feared it was an essential portion of his head—and removing it would reveal the gray matter of an evil brain. The razor-sharp teeth were visible in the partly open mouth, a nasty slash that bisected his pallid face. Fossett thought this to be the most effective holo thus far, even though it left something to be desired.

He was just about to see the truth lurking behind those popping eyes when his attention was drawn elsewhere.

Tajima was approached by The Red Death, that disguise worn

***"A clown is funny in the circus ring
but what would be the normal reaction
to opening a door at midnight
and finding the same clown standing
there in the moonlight?"***

by the phantom in one of the more ironic moments of Chaney's career. The skull mask remained in place. There was to be no unmasking here. Yet whatever was bothering Fossett about the other figures did not disturb him about The Red Death at all. Why? He had to know!

Others came: the armless man with the magic feet from *The Unknown*, a character of many facets, but here displaying only a scowl. He was followed by the legless man of *The Penalty*, and his frown seemed burned on—that was a feature of his character that Fossett remembered. Together, these two seemed to make a whole person.

There was more, such as the Fu Manchu appearance of Mr. Wu, complete with Mandarin's robes, but also wearing a loathsome grin that Fossett had never seen in any of the research material. Then came Singapore Joe from *The Road to Mandalay*: there was nothing monstrous about this character but for his all-too-human cruelty. Fossett didn't remember the scars on the man's face being quite so pronounced as they now appeared. As for the film-covered eyeball, that white egg orb—had it been as large as was evident on the holo?

So it went. Figure after figure, sneer after sneer, the varieties of character had all been covered over by a smooth sheet of malice. Terribly different expressions had somehow been made to appear identical.

"I think I've seen enough," he told Tajima. "We still have a lot of work before us."

"All right," she answered, raising her clipboard and touching a button on the attached communications card. The show was over. From where they were standing, they could see all the sets, including the largest one just ahead of them: the phantom's chamber.

"What's wrong?" she asked, as they headed back the way they'd come.

"Two things. One, I don't like the changes in my script. I'd stressed the multitude of Chaney's portrayals, each one special."

"They kept the hunchback and clown segments exactly as you wrote them according to my notes."

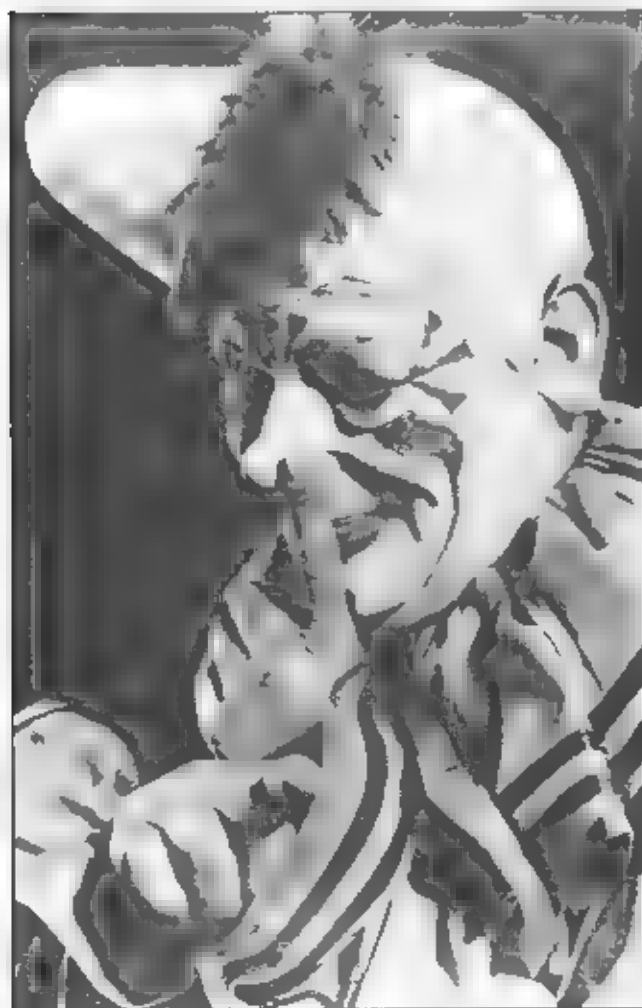
"I can see that. However, this last bit in the lab scene had all these different personalities treated in the same unimaginative fashion."

"Those changes came from Cordone. He left your grand finale with the phantom untouched." The smile she offered was less for him than for her; she didn't enjoy being the bearer of unwanted news.

"How obnoxious of him," said Fossett almost under his breath.

"He'll be here shortly. He wanted to watch the finale with you so you're not really missing anything. Ted, you said there were two things that bothered you. What was the other?"

His left eye started twitching. Damn tension comes with the job, was the message of the ragged nerve. "I'm not sure," he





She was too surprised by the crudeness of his remarks to say or do anything. If anything registered in her expressions, it was fascination that she finally realized the sort of man who was her boss.

'I liked your Lon Chaney idea from the start,' said Cordone to Fossett. 'but we couldn't afford the detail. That part was out.'

The razor-sharp teeth were visible in the partly open mouth, a nasty slash that bisected his pallid face. Fossett thought this to be the most effective holo thus far, even though it left something to be desired.

The detail. The lines in the face. The subtle ones underneath the smiles and the frowns. The remarkable skull of the man they called Lon Chaney. Fossett had dreamed about those contours of flesh and bone. More than that, he had seen the pain that the silent cinema star had inflicted on himself to achieve his difficult results.

As far back as the 1930s and the first decade of sound movies, technique had been standardized and union makeup artists took over the job. It was the same as every other area. The Twentieth Century was the age of unions—before increasing centralization rendered such organization superfluous.

Lon Chaney had been the last great cinema artist of an earlier period reaching its full flower in the twenties. It was the hard, rough world of the self-contained showman. He was actor, mime, story consultant, and designer of a thousand faces, and he knew the ropes.

'When I realized what you wanted,' said Cordone, blowing a cloud of cigar smoke that to Fossett was taking on the features of a gravestone. 'I almost laughed myself sick. Capture every line of every face! Bring out every nuance. Run a program to anticipate what new postures, new lighting, would mean to those roles. Fossett, who's gonna spend that kind of money? As the rest of your package was good, we went ahead with it minus the absurd details. You were too busy to keep track of it anyway.'

'Then it's just the same,' said Fossett to the floor, 'as all your other holo-shows. You've taken the soul out, and left nothing but masks.'

'I give the public what I want. Nine times out of ten, it's what they want too. They're lookin' for a show, that's all.'

Apparently Tajima had decided that her position with the company was not the end-all and be-all of existence. She spoke again.

You also removed certain characters, Mr. Cordone. That had nothing to do with the budget.'

To her surprise, Cordone smiled. 'There was no way we were putting the Christ exhibit in. Besides, I don't believe that was Lon Chaney.'

Fossett exploded. 'The photograph was recently unearthed. Experts have verified it. It is a long lost studio portrait of Chaney as Christ. I'd stake my career on its being authentic.' This torrent of explanation and defense had no effect worth noting.

'It doesn't matter,' said Cordone flatly. 'That wouldn't fit the program even if it was legit. Just forget it! Now we have one



last piece of business to conduct, then I have to get out of here. Christ, er... I don't have all day to waste.' Cordone went inside the bowels of dreams. After exchanging brief glances of common distress, the other two followed.

Tajima lowered her head and spoke in the direction of the card affixed to her blouse, just above her left breast. 'We're going to meet the phantom! Somewhere in the dark, a head nodded.

'I don't think you'll have any complaints about this one,' said Cordone. 'Your script was fine. The maternal grabs!'

Fossett wasn't listening. He was worrying. Of all the faces, the phantom's was the most important to him. He couldn't bear to see what Cordone had done with it.

Not a mask, a mere mask. The man would not be there. The self-inflicted agonies of wire and hook—a lifetime's knowledge of what it meant to be different—the memories of deaf and dumb parents—and the reality of loneliness, all there in the pulled back mouth, flaring nostrils, and unbelievable eyes. It wasn't some cheap funhouse fright. He couldn't let Cordone get away with it.

The little voice that spoke in his head was as unbidden as it was difficult to ignore. 'What sort of job will you look for next?'

admitted "but whatever it is, it's the real problem."

As they left the demonstration area, the first person they ran into was Cordone. The way he was standing in front of the doors made Fossett think of the holograms. He'd always felt there was a basic unreality about the man, even though the checks were tangible enough.

"What's this about a janitor?" Asked the producer without preamble.

Tajima took the lead. "There was an intruder whom Ted noticed. We've had staff looking for him but there is no sign of either him or his vehicle."

Cordone was in his element. "Well, damn it, that probably means he got away! We're too near our next release date for a spy to steal our thunder."

"I don't think he was a spy," said Fossett.

Cordone turned on the sarcasm. "Besides being late today you're also playing detective? How do you know?"

There was something odd about him. A spy wouldn't draw attention to himself by driving an antique. He wouldn't try sipping in under cover of a job that doesn't even exist. Although I was convinced there was a janitor when I saw the maintenance parking space."

"That's for robot supplies," said Tajima.

"Well, I've turned it over to our best security people," said Cordone. "All I need is a description from you since you're supposed to be so hot with faces."

"Faces?" exclaimed Fossett. "That's the problem in there

What have you done with Chaney's faces?"

The change of subject was accepted easily enough by Cordone. He's been waiting for Fossett to make the complaint. "Sit down, doctor," he said, then noticing Tajima, amended that to plural. Joining them in the most comfortable chair—which unconsciously the other two had left for him—Cordone took out one of his hyperthyroid cigars.

"Excuse me, sir, but smoking is..." began Tajima.

"Perfectly safe this far from the equipment," he finished for her. "I'm not interested in your convenience. I do worry about machinery that costs a small fortune. And I worry when my people lose sight of priorities, eh, Fossett? Now, what's the trouble?"

There was something cold inside Fossett's stomach. "You've changed my design. I wasn't told."

"Your design? Oh, you mean what you designed for me. The minor alterations were done purely for monetary reasons. Nothing to concern yourself over."

Tajima did not hide the concern in her voice. "The script changes were for dramatic reasons, Mr. Cordone. That's what my memo indicates."

"Honey," he said, and there was nothing of sweetness in his voice, "Fossett and I aren't talking about that. We're talking about a much bigger change, but one I had to make. And I remind you that positions in the entertainment field are not protected by the World State. If you want to keep your job, just shut your pretty oriental trap."





The twitching in his eye returned as he realized he would do nothing. *I'm sorry*, he said to himself—*sorry I've betrayed you Lon Chaney.*

"Damn it!" came Cordone's voice, gruffer than ever. With a clattering as if an empty bucket were rolling downstairs, he'd stumbled over something. "Get some more light in here." Tajima did.

Several empty cylinders marked CLEANING FOAM were slowly turning on the floor, coming to a stop like hands of a watch winding down. "What are these doing here?" asked Cordone in a voice so low that it didn't sound like him.

"The maintenance robots use them," said Tajima. "I don't know how they got here. Ted, uh, I mean, Dr. Fossett, didn't we just return this way?"

"The janitor," said Fossett.

"That does it!" shouted Cordone. "I asked you before if you could describe the guy to one of our identi-artists." He walked over, limping slightly from the wrench he'd given his foot. "What does the man look like?"

Fossett had been trying to remember the face in terms of its most distinctive features. Cordone had unknowingly given him the key word, "like." Of course, he had known all along, but couldn't allow himself to be jinxed.

"He looks like Lon Chaney," said Fossett.

For a moment neither Tajima nor Cordone did anything but stare. They could hear each other's breathing. When the silence became too loud to bear, he continued. "Without makeup, I mean. I was so busy admiring the numerous portrayals that I almost forgot his appearance when he wasn't in a role. He was rather a plain looking man. You'd pass him on the street without giving him special notice. A long American face is what he had—you'd see it on the great plains, sweating behind a tractor, you." His voice trailed off as the weight of the silence returned. He had become obsessed with faces in the last few months. He could tell the one that Cordone was wearing—someone observing a body after a terrible accident. And Fossett didn't enjoy the pity on Tajima's face much more.

"Is this your idea of revenge just because you don't like the way I fixed a lousy holo-show?" asked Cordone, veins standing out on his neck as exclamation.

"No sir, I didn't even know what you'd done until you told me. But the man really looked like Lon Chaney!"

Tajima lowered her head and spoke in the direction of the card affixed to her blouse, just above her left breast: "We're going to need the phantom." Somewhere in the dark, a head nodded.

Nobody could switch tracks faster than Cordone. He'd removed one of the verboten cigars and was pointing it at Fossett as if it were a surgical instrument poised over tonight's surprise cadaver. "If this is your idea of faking insanity just so you can collect on the DI medical retirement, I swear I'll fry you!"

That's when the lights went out. "Tajima!" shrieked Cordone. "I didn't do anything!" she yelled back. "Listen," said Fossett—and they did.



laughing in the dark.

"Who's that?" asked Cordone. "Listen, you bastard, whoever you are, Doppelganger, Inc. has a policy on trespassing that's gonna put you so far behind bars that by the time they rehabilitate you—"

The lights came back on. At the far end of the building they could see the exhibit for *The Phantom of the Opera*. The organ room was bathed in a light so purple that it looked like burgundy wine, and next to it was a section of opera seats with the great chandelier above set out in aquarium blue. A silhouette moved near the keyboard.

"There he is!" shouted Cordone, as he hobbled off in that direction.

"That's the holo-show," whispered Tajima.

"Is it?" asked Fossett, grabbing her arm. "Have you seen it all the way through? Is anything different?"

"It's just the program," she insisted, as they watched the producer. "The keyboard part of the Wurlitzer organ is the set, but the big section above is the hologram matted in. Over there, the seats are real, but the chandelier is a projection. And the phantom, of course, is like all the other Chaney's in here."

"Gotcha!" Cordone had reached the phantom. His hands grabbed air. Turning toward the others, he had the aspect of a small boy whose toy had broken in his hands, as the wrath of the caped enigma hovered about him. A shadow.

Fossett was the first to reach him. Without saying a word, he took the producer's arm and started to lead him away, when he caught sight of the death's head monster. It was bland. It was





blank. It was just a green putty face, with painted eyes and jack-o-lantern grin.

Fossett's arm dropped away and hung limp as a thing dead. He felt like crying.

"I," Cordone began, catching a glimpse of Fossett's face contorted in inner agony. He didn't go on, but turned back to confront his handiwork.

"You're an amusement," he told the hologram. "Nothing more." He began curving the exhibit. "You're not art. You were never anything but mass entertainment. And when mass taste changed, you didn't change with it." He was in the seats now, and talking to the hologram as it went through its paces: it pointed at the organ before sitting there with a flourish.

"What's Cordone doing?" asked Tajima in Fossett's ear.

"I'm not sure," he said. "It isn't like him. Maybe he's only talking to me."

"Spook Shows. Horror man! It's all crap," Cordone went on, as the swelling notes of organ music rose to drown his voice. But he would not be silenced, raising his voice to be heard again. "I've never liked you, never liked these fantasies. I don't let my kids watch this stuff. Too many dreams, too many nightmares. It's bad. I tell you! People who spend a lot of time with this stuff aren't healthy. They're not any good at business, I'll tell you that!" He was shaking. "I hate you. I hate you!"

There was a flicker in the light, a gasp of whispery sound. A man in a cape glided over by the seated figure at the organ. The black phantom sitting, sitting, playing an imaginary organ, grew fuzzy around the edges, slipped out of sight—but The Phantom of the Opera was there. He bent down, brushing his fingers over the keys connected to nothing, making hollow click-

ing sounds that could be heard, just barely, in the din of the musical recording. The deep notes of Bach throbbed against the walls but he straightened up and shook his fist at the keyboard—an island of fact in a chimera. The phantom turned his back on this illusion. The phantom strode over to a point where the two sets were joined.

"Oh my God," said Fossett. He could see the phantom standing there, half in purple light, half in blue—could see that the phantom had a face.

He knew the face of night, of pain, of truth.

"What's going on?" Cordone's voice sounded very far away, but he was only standing among the seats. From under a velvet cape of bloody red, a black-gloved hand spidered its way to a lever on the wall, a lever Tajima had never seen. With a tinkling of glass, the chandelier fell from the ceiling. "Turn it off," said Cordone, his voice pleading, arm involuntarily covering his head from what he knew to be unreal. Tajima's fingers had already brushed all the OFF buttons on her card before Cordone gave his command. The show was over. The phantom gone.

There was a crash, just the same.

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Let's see a picture of REGGIE NALDER. Producers of horror films ought to be reminded that he's a great personality for TV or theatrical tales of terror. One has only to think of Salem's Lot, Mark of the Devil, The Dead Don't Die, etc.—DR. DONALD A. REED.



How about something fantastic but pretty for a change. I suggest the unforgettable Molra Shearer in the late Michael Powell's **TALES OF HOFFMAN**—LOUJU CERVON



I suppose ERNEST THESIGER is dead by now but not forgotten BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN . THE
GHOUL THE OLD DARK HOUSE. JOEY "NUJERZI" O'BRIEN (Thesiger died in 1961)



"BROTHER" THEODORE—what's his real name and what's he done lately? I know some of his previous work was **THE BLACK WIDOW**, **THE HORROR OF THE BLOOD MONSTERS** (narrator) and the voice of Gollum in the TV **Hobbit**. Also he was a crackup in **NOCTURNA**. **HARRIS M. LENTZ III** { 'Brother' Theodore is Theodore Gottlieb, most recently adding his unique presence to **THE BURBS**. }



I can't get that ugly puss in **AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON** out of my mind. Would you mind showing it to me again so maybe it will exorcize me? **TONII MEADOWS**



Loved that pteranodon in Ray Harryhausen's **ONE MILLION YEARS B C**. Do you suppose you could arrange for it to fly for me again?—**JOE SALAMANCA** (Fly fi for a sci-fi guy)



Of all the Zombie films I've ever seen, the one that sticks most vividly in my mind is **I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE**. By the way, does anybody know the name of the zombie?—**CYNDI GOSSETT** (The Shadow knows! Darby Jones.)



About 1981 I believed there was a Russian science fiction film about an alien girl coming to Earth. The title was a strange one, something like TO THE STARS BY HARD WAYS. I once saw a picture of the alien—I think she was bald —ANNA GRAHAM
(Here she is, not bald but snow-white haired. The title is correct.)

THE SEARCH FOR YGOR'S BRAIN

A Modest Proposal Concerning FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN

by Brad Linaweaver

YOUR EDITOR thought he had provided all the material for issue #2 when suddenly, at the penultimate moment (shades of the FM era), the publisher suddenly required 7 more pages! Fortunately, I had this feature on hand, which I was contemplating using as a bonus in #3. So consider this a little time-traveling into the future!

SOMETIMES I THINK the primary reason I go to see contemporary films is to reinforce my desire to watch, yet again, my favorite movies of the past. This is not a hard and fast rule: every now and then I fall in love with a new movie as if it were my first time at the cinema. But all too often the new stuff, for all its rich color, flashing lights, massive soundtrack and expensive surface (even cheap movies can fake a well-budgeted look nowadays) succeeds only in sending me back to the video cassettes, or laser discs, to see considerably less gizzly fare.

When I was a teenager, and in the throes of love for Hammer films, it never occurred to me that one day these pictures might seem as quaint and stylized as the Universal pictures they were so radically reinterpreting. I loved the latter for their treatment of the symbolic aspect of the Gothic subject matter; the new films were so much more realistic—both in terms of sex and violence, that the more abstract side seemed greatly diminished. But there was a real joy in the dramatic tensions that had been placed at center stage.

Now, the distance between the Universal and Hammer styles that once seemed like spanning the Grand Canyon, more closely resembles a little irrigation ditch. The two approaches had quite a lot in common, after all: melodrama, romance, character acting, even the occasional speech expressing an idea or two. Both were concerned with causes; most of today's product is only concerned with effect. (But there are always exceptions to prove the rule, as in the grand return of Roger Corman to the director's chair for a truly intellectual exploitation film, the richly Gothic *Frankenstein Unbound*—a rebirth of the venerable AIP style that Corman invented in the first place.)





The examples most frequently used to contrast the Universal and Hammer approaches were taken from their respective Frankenstein series. The first followed the adventures of the monster from film to film. The latter followed the Byronic figure of the mad doctor instead. But, in keeping with the thesis of this essay, I notice similarities today that used to escape me. Each Universal picture afforded the scientists an opportunity for The Speech, no matter how run-cated it might become later in the series. Ideas were not slighted, and the worldly powers the experiment represented for the medical adventurer was a ways clear, as it would be in the Hammer series. That different scientist-father-sons/collaborators/disciples took turns delivering the sermon didn't change the basic message.

Likewise, different monsters in the Hammer pictures did not eliminate the common denominator linking them in pain, frustration, and inevitable anger. Whether it was a perfectly body deteriorating, a possessed beauty, or the completely alienated result of an all-too-successful brain transplant, the human condition once more had its say, despite an inhuman (or dehumanized) context. The basic story remains the same in any Frankenstein movie with any other brains.

When it comes to these two series, my tastes are very much in the mainstream. As for directors, I prize the James Whale pictures the most highly of the Universals, while considering Rowland V. Lee's one outing as the only sequel deserving of being mentioned in the same breath as the first two. I rank Terence Fisher's installments as Hammer's shining examples of Frankenscience, and think little of the directorial one-shots by Freddie Francis and Jimmy Sangster. As for the acting, I am again voting with the majority. Boris Karloff is the monster, while Peter Cushing is the aristocratic visionary Frankenstein (which leads one to imagine some alternate world where these two essayed their respective roles in the same picture).

If there is anything left to be said about the seminal films, I can't imagine what it might be. But as the two respective series sort of went on and on to explore just one more thematic variation, the results may not have been entirely satisfactory esthetically—but oh, what grief for the critics! 'm I was produced.' There's always something else to be said

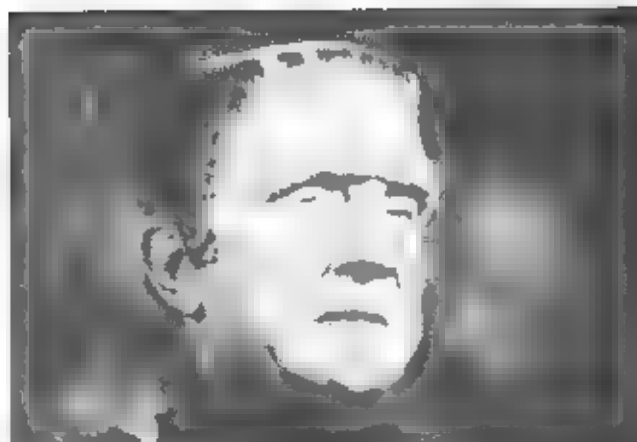


about the film that doesn't quite make the grade, especially one with associations to authentic classics. And now that we have the MCA/Image series of Filmbooks making available the original shooting scripts, the game of second-guessing exerts its terrible appeal.

The first horror films I ever saw were a television double feature of Karloff's *The Mummy* and *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man*. Or you could say they were my second and third monster films, respectively, as I had first entered the world of colorful fantasy with *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* at the neighborhood drive-in. When Lon Chaney Jr.'s head lay perfectly still on its sculptured pillow, and he became a ball man, had I not something or other, I was impressed as hell. The other kids ran out of the room (ah, talk about more innocent times), but not me. Somehow, I didn't think I'd have nightmares over the monsters. I didn't.

But the first movie to give me a nightmare was *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man* anyway. It was all the fault of the opening sequence when the two grave robbers enter the Tabot family crypt. I was yet to see a Val Lewton film, or the scarier episodes of television's *The Twilight Zone* or *Thriller* or *Wax* (ah). Somehow, I didn't really believe in werewolves or Frankenstein monsters or mummies that walked any more than I dreaded a real-life cyclops or a dragon. But corpses were different. (Mummies didn't count, because you never saw them at funerals.) Lon Chaney Jr. looked very dead in that coffin. To this day, I've never seen anyone look deader. And when his pale, white hand reached up and grabbed one of the grave robbers (crypt robbers?), my eyes did indeed grow very large. But even so, I might not have had that rising nightmare if Chaney's hand hadn't had long nails. Those nails really did it to me. (Years later, I learned about nails growing on corpses, and I felt the same cold shudder I'd experienced such a long time before.)

By the time I saw *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man* again, I'd seen most of the Universal classics and become a fan of both Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. I especially loved the films that pitted them against each other. I had seen a number of their lesser films as well, and I'd been amazed, even as a kid, at just how cheap a Mergam or PRC pic are could be, and how Crampton was quite to manage the Universal



look, although they came close. Put either man in the most terrible of productions, and he would at least save the scenes in which he appeared.

Imagine my disappointment when I first saw, with critical eyes, Lugosi as the Frankenstein monster. No amount of later explanation has in any way reduced the disappointment. Bela was playing the creature as blind; dialog was cut that would have given his portrayal credibility. Later actors copied his arms straight out groping movements, etc. A true—but in no way erasing the fact that he was too old and frail for the part. It was the worst mis-casting of his career, admitted pretty nearly everywhere but in the most fastidious examples of special pleading.

The poverty row films in which he played the Bela Lugosi persona did less damage to him professionally than a bad performance in a film that, although a *B* production, was given *A* quality promotion and drew very large audiences. This matter has annoyed me for as long as I've taken the horror film seriously. As both a fan of the Frankenstein series in general, and of 'horror actors' in particular, it seemed some kind of miscarriage of justice.

Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man would have had far greater impact with a different monster, and Lugosi's career would have avoided an easily prevented embarrassment.





There would have been considerably less of the 'he's over the hill' crap (an impossibility for a good character actor, no matter how old he becomes, as Karloff demonstrated so many times). Perhaps Lugosi's agent wouldn't have had to virtually intimidate the studio into letting his client don the cape once more for the Abbott & Costello film half a decade later. (Some contend that the front office was annoyed about Lugosi paying Dracula under an assumed name for Columbia's *Return of the Vampire*—all because Universal was too stupid to make a legitimate Dracula sequel.)

The advantages of a different actor as the monster are self-evident. But only recently have I realized exactly how the film should have been done—which is the kind of guilty pleasure one cannot have with a true classic. And it would have been possible to retain Lugosi in the film at the same time that he avoided the pitfalls of the wrong part.

After *Dracula*, many contend that Lugosi's second greatest horror role is Ygor (although I'm partial to the necromancer of *White Zombie* and the anti-hero of *The Black Cat*). *Son of Frankenstein* is inconceivable without Ygor. He is, in fact, the film's most interesting character. So when Universal decided not to leave well enough alone, and introduced Chaney as the monster in the fourth film, it made perfect sense to bring back Ygor, even though he was good and dead at the end of the third film. Ygor is anything but good and dead at the conclusion of *Ghost of Frankenstein*. His brain is in the Chaney monster's head. So, reasoned someone in dire need of a brain transplant himself, Lugosi will be the

monster in film number five. To be fair, this conclusion was not reached without due deliberation. The first plan was to have Chaney play monster *and* Wolf Man, as he had done both parts in the previous films. Such an approach was discarded as too costly and time-consuming, although the finished film had three different people playing the monster—Lugosi and two stuntmen (and of course, the Wolf Man was two people: Chaney and one of the aforementioned stuntmen). No matter what they did, it was going to take more time than a routine picture.

This is what they should have done: first, discover Glenn Strange for the role of the monster two years earlier than they did. Everyone agrees that he was physically impressive in the role for the two *House* films and *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*. Who could possibly fill Karloff's boots in the acting department? No one. Chaney certainly didn't. So they should have gone with physical qualities from the start, instead of casting an actor in his 60s for a role Karloff had done in his 40s.

But what about Lugosi, you ask? How does he fit in? As Ygor, back for the third time? How is that possible when we saw his body crushed at the climax of *Ghost*? Picture this: Strange moves his lips and we hear Lugosi's voice—just as we heard it when Chaney's lips moved in the previous film, pronouncing the chilling words 'I am Ygor.' The dialog scenes wouldn't be cut, and suddenly Chaney's Larry Talbot trying to reason with the monster makes more sense. Strange starts off blind, but after his vision is restored by the Patrick Knowles character, the monster would move differently (no more of his arms-straight-out stuff). After all, the monster would see again. And we know that Strange was able to copy





some of Karloff's famous gestures in the role as we saw in *House of Frankenstein* (a boy, he had Karloff coaching him on the set).

The Strange Lugosi monster could carry over to the next two pictures. The evil Ygor brain would provide a character more in keeping with the histrionics of those two megalomaniacal fantasies anyway, and the monster would interact with the rest of the cast instead of being a mobile prop. Now Stevens' mad scientist could even remove the Ygor brain at the climax of *House of Dracula*, replacing it with some poor peasant's, so that the monster is suitably tractable when Lugosi returns as Dracula (and the monster's master) in the Abbott & Costello film.

But wait, there's more! Maybe Lugosi's fans would like to see him as Ygor instead of only hearing him. His bodily death is no problem when you have movie magic on your side. Remember how Sir Alec Guinness managed to appear in all three *Star Wars* films, even though we saw him slain in the first one? Why not have Lugosi-Ygor's ghost appear in *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man* and the rest of the series? First, he could lead Larry Talbot to find the monster's body encased in ice at their very first meeting. Then he could tempt the doctors in each of the films, trouble their sleep in a manner which makes them wonder if the Ygor Monster doesn't possess some kind of telepathic powers, ala *Donovan's Brain*. Nothing could be more appropriate, considering Curt Siodmak's authorship of that influential novel, as well as his being the scriptwriter/idea man who contributed so much to the later Universal films, transplanting more brains and inspiring more brain-swapping than anyone else in the history of science fiction.



Like I say, this fantasy of mine is all the fault of too many boring movies that just can't be saved—so the mind wanders to how almost great films could have been salvaged with this minor alteration here and change there. It's also the fault of the MagicImage books making the scripts available so as to inspire contemplation about what went on behind-the-scenes. Finally, it's the fault of *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man* for having given me my first horror movie-inspired nightmare when I was a kid (although the dream in question had nothing to do with either the Frankenstein monster or the Wolf Man. (And on the other side you have to love a movie that does a big musical production number just so that Lon Chaney Jr. can completely freak out over it and make the singers shut up—every little boy's wish fulfillment.)

And, finally, I guess it's the fault of *Monsterama* which won't allow the odds to die. They keep coming back from the grave, these dark and moody films that whisper to us about the secrets of eternity.

Brad Linaweaver is a novelist, and short story writer (Nebula finalist and Prometheus winner, with a strong interest in media. A number of his short stories draw on film-related subjects such as "The Lon Chaney Factory" and he has written about film and TV for Video Swapper, Video Entertainment, National Review, New Libertarian and elsewhere as well as reviewing books on film in *The Atlanta Journal* and *Constitution* (among them *MagicImage's Film book of Bride of Frankenstein*) and he has interviewed Roger Corman for the audio program *Horror House* as well as scripting *Forrest J. Ackerman* in the role of Dr. Acula for the same show. One of his stories was produced as an audio drama by Centauri Express in which he played the part of a robot devil.



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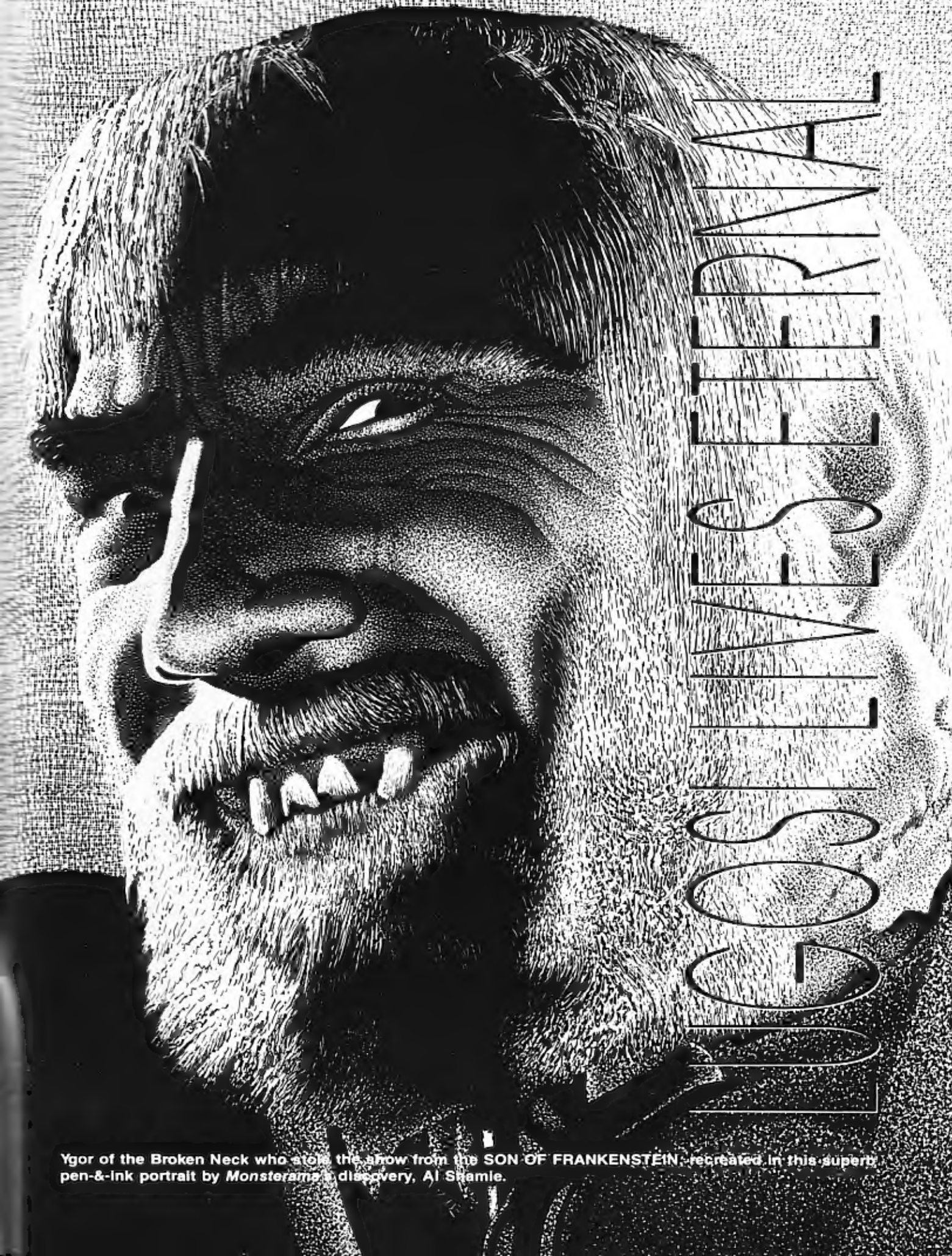
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